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BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RELIGION, WEALTH, WIVES, ETC.

THE accompanying illustration will convey to the beholder some idea of a very remarkable interview which took place a few days since between Brigham Young, the chief of the Mormons, and Horace Greeley, the Editor of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Greeley, on his way across the continent by the overland route, stopped at Salt Lake City, and there fell in with an old acquaintance, Dr. Bernhisel, who was for some time Mormon delegate in Congress. The Doctor proposed to introduce Mr. Greeley to Governor Young, and the offer, as may be imagined, was gladly accepted. We give the rest in Mr. Greeley's own language, simply observing that Brigham Young's statements are the latest and most authentic expositions we have of the Mormon doctrine:

We were very cordially welcomed at the door by the President, who led us into the second-story parlor of the largest of his houses (he has three), where I was introduced to Heber C. Kimball, General Wells, General Ferguson, Albert Carrington, Elias Smith, and several other leading men in the Church, with two full-grown sons of the President. After some unimportant conversation on general topics, I stated that I had come in quest of fuller knowledge respecting the doctrines and polity of the Mormon Church; and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objection. President Young avowed his willingness to respond to all pertinent inquiries. The conversation proceeded substantially as follows:

THE RELIGION OF MORMON.

GREELEY. "Am I to regard Mormonism (so-called) as a new religion, or as simply a new development of Christianity?"

BRIGHAM. "We hold that there can be no true Christian Church without a priesthood directly commissioned by, and in immediate communication with, the Son of God and Saviour of mankind. Such a Church is that of the Latter-Day Saints, called by their enemies Mormons. We know no other that even pretends to have present and direct revelations of God's will."

GREELEY. "Then I am to understand that you regard all other Churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all Churches not in communion with itself—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?"

BRIGHAM. "Yes, substantially."

GREELEY. "Apart from this, in what respect do your doctrines differ essentially from those of our orthodox Protestant Churches—the Baptist or Methodist, for example?"

BRIGHAM. "We hold the doctrines of Christianity, as revealed in the Old and New Testaments; also in the Book of Mormon, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and those only."

GREELEY. "Do you believe in a personal devil—a distinct, conscious, spiritual being, whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?"

BRIGHAM. "We do."

GREELEY. "Do you hold the doctrine of Eternal Punishment?"

BRIGHAM. "We do; though perhaps not exactly as other Churches do. We believe it as the Bible teaches it."

GREELEY. "I understand that you regard Baptism by Immersion as essential?"

BRIGHAM. "We do."

GREELEY. "Do you practice Infant Baptism?"

BRIGHAM. "No."

GREELEY. "Do you make removal to these valleys obligatory on your converts?"

BRIGHAM. "They would consider themselves greatly aggrieved if they were not invited thither. We hold to such a gathering together of God's people as the Bible foretells, and that this is the place and now is the time appointed for its consummation."

GREELEY. "The predictions to which you refer have usually, I think, been understood to indicate Jerusalem (or Judea) as the place of such gathering?"

BRIGHAM. "Yes, for the Jews; not for others."

HOW THE BISHOPS AND PRIESTS LIVE.

GREELEY. "Let me now be enlightened with regard more especially to your Church polity. I understand that you require each member to pay over one-tenth of all he produces or earns to the Church?"

BRIGHAM. "That is a requirement of our faith. There is no compulsion as to the payment. Each member acts in the premises according to his pleasure, under the dictates of his own conscience."

GREELEY. "What is done with the proceeds of this tithing?"

BRIGHAM. "Part of it is devoted to building temples and other places of worship; part to helping the poor and needy converts on their way to this country; and the largest portion to the support of the poor among the Saints."

GREELEY. "Is none of it paid to bishops and other dignitaries of the Church?"

BRIGHAM. "Not one penny. No bishop, no elder, no deacon, or other Church officer, receives any compensation for his official services. A bishop is often required to put his hand in his own pocket and provide therefrom for the poor of his charge; but he never receives any thing for his services."

GREELEY. "How, then, do your ministers live?"

BRIGHAM. "By the labor of their own hands, like the first Apostles. Every bishop, every elder, may be daily seen at work in the field or the shop, like his neighbors; every minister of the Church has his proper calling by which he earns the bread of his family; he who can not or will not do the Church's work for nothing is not wanted in her service; even our lawyers (pointing to General Ferguson and another present, who are the regular lawyers of the Church) are paid nothing for their services.

BRIGHAM CONSIDERS HIMSELF A MILLIONAIRE.

"I am the only person in the Church who has not a regular calling apart from the Church's service, and I never received one farthing from her treasury. If I obtain any thing from the tithing-house, I am charged with and pay for it, just as any one else would; the clerks in the tithing-store are paid like other clerks, but no one is ever paid for any service pertaining to the ministry. We think a man who can not make his living aside from the ministry of Christ unsuited to that office. I am called rich, and consider myself worth $250,000; but no dollar of it was ever paid me by the Church, or for any service as a minister of the Everlasting Gospel. I lost nearly all I had when we were broken up in Missouri and driven from that State; I was nearly stripped again when Joseph Smith was murdered and we were driven from Illinois; but nothing was ever made up to me by the Church, nor by any one. *I believe I know how to acquire property, and how to take care of it.*"

COMPARES THE MORMONS TO THE APOSTLES, AND BUCHANAN TO PONTIUS PILATE.

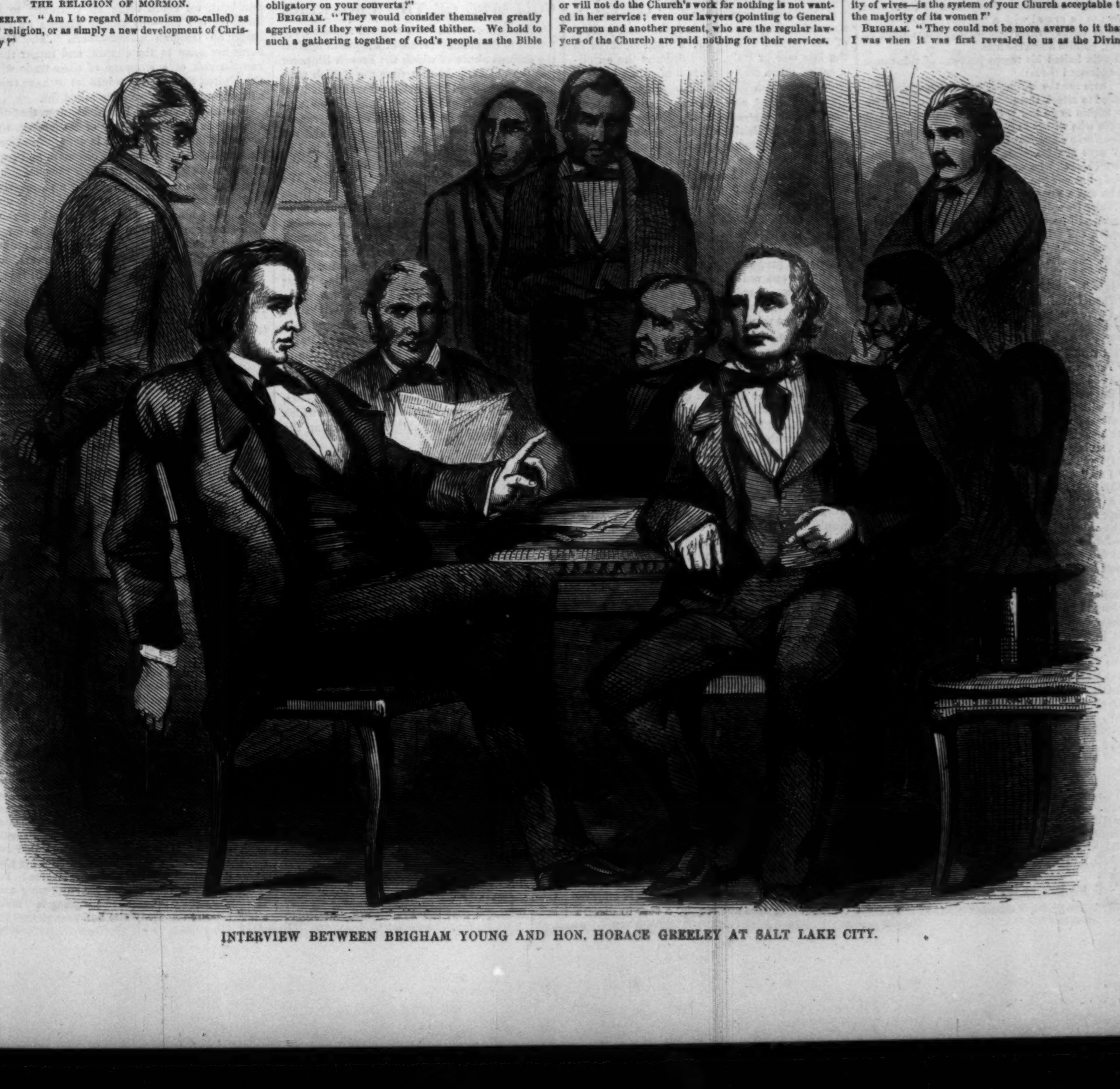
GREELEY. "Can you give me any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived, and with whom they have been brought directly in contact?"

BRIGHAM. "No other explanation than is afforded by the crucifixion of Christ, and the kindred treatment of God's ministers, prophets, and saints in all ages."

HOW ABOUT POLYGAMY?

GREELEY. "With regard, then, to the grave question on which your doctrines and practices are avowedly at war with those of the Christian world—that of a plurality of wives—is the system of your Church acceptable to the majority of its women?"

BRIGHAM. "They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to us as the Divine



INTERVIEW BETWEEN BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HON. HORACE GREELEY AT SALT LAKE CITY.

will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God."

GREELEY. "How general is polygamy among you?"

BRIGHAM. "I could not say. Some of those present [heads of the Church] have each but one wife; others have more. Each determines what is his individual duty."

BRIGHAM HAS BUT FIFTEEN WIVES.

GREELEY. "What is the largest number of wives belonging to any one man?"

BRIGHAM. "I have fifteen; I know no one who has more; but some of those sealed to me are old ladies whom I regard rather as mothers than wives, but whom I have taken home to cherish and support."

GREELEY. "Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be 'the husband of one wife?'"

BRIGHAM. "So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of bishop. But the Apostle does not forbid a bishop having more wives than one."

GREELEY. "Does not Christ say that he who puts away his wife, or marries one whom another has put away, commits adultery?"

BRIGHAM. "Yes; and I hold that no man should ever put away a wife except for adultery—not always even for that. Such is *my* individual view of the matter. I do not say that wives have never been put away in our Church, but that I do not approve of the practice."

Mr. Greeley adds:

Governor Young spoke readily, not always with grammatical accuracy, but with no appearance of hesitation or reserve, and with no apparent desire to conceal any thing, nor did he repel any of my questions as impertinent. He was very plainly dressed in thin summer clothing, and with no air of sanctimony or fanaticism. In appearance, he is a portly, frank, good-natured, rather thick-set man of fifty-five, seeming to enjoy life, and be in no particular hurry to get to heaven. His associates are plain men, evidently born and reared to a life of labor, and looking as little like crafty hypocrites or swindlers as any body of men I ever met. The absence of cant or snuffle from their manner was marked and general; yet I think I may fairly say that their Mormonism has not impoverished them—that they were generally poor men when they embraced it, and are now in very comfortable circumstances—as men averaging three or four wives apiece certainly need to be.

Mr. Greeley was struck with the entire ascendency of Brigham Young over his associates. Hon. Stephen A. Douglas once told us a good story, showing that this ascendency was acquired at a very early date:

In 1846 the excitement against the Mormons at Nauvoo reached its height. The people of the surrounding country determined to drive them away; the Saints resolved to defend themselves. A civil war seemed imminent. Governor Ford dispatched a regiment to put down both belligerents. This regiment, consisting of 450 men, was under command of Colonel John J. Hardin, the old political opponent, but warm personal friend of Mr. Douglas, who held the post of Major.

As this little body of troops approached Nauvoo they saw the Mormons, 4000 strong, drawn up to oppose their advance. Every man of them was known to be armed with a "seven shooter" and a brace of Colt's "revolvers"—twenty-one shots to a man, besides a bowie-knife.

Hardin halted his troops just out of rifle-range and addressed them:

"There are the Mormons, ten to one against us. I intend to attack them. If there is a coward here who wishes to go home, he may do so now. Let any one who wishes to go step to the front."

Not a man came forward. "There were, I dare say," says Mr. Douglas, "just 451 of us, including our Colonel, who would have been glad to have retired; but not one of us had the courage to own that he was a coward."

"Major Douglas," said the Colonel, "will take 100 men, will proceed to Nauvoo, arrest the Twelve Apostles, and bring them here!"

"Colonel Hardin," asked the Major quietly, so that no one else heard, "is this a peremptory order?"

"It is."

"Then I shall make the attempt to execute it. But I give you warning that not a man of us will ever return."

"The Apostles must be taken, Major Douglas," replied the Colonel.

"Very well, Colonel. If you will send me alone you will be much more likely to get them."

"But you will lose your life."

"I will take the responsibility. If you send me alone I will pledge myself to reach the city. As to bringing in the Twelve, or getting back myself, that is quite another question. I will try."

"Do you assume the responsibility?"

"I do."

"Major Douglas," said the Colonel, after reflecting a few moments, "will proceed to Nauvoo, taking such escort as he sees fit."

The order was hardly given when the little Major—for he was not then a "Little Giant"—dashed off at full speed. As he approached the Mormon Legion General Wells came forward to meet him; and after a brief conversation escorted him through the hollow square of troops into the city. He was not long in finding Brigham and the Twelve. All of them were old acquaintances of his. Most of them had, in fact, been before him for trial, as Judge, upon some charge or other.

The Judge is famous for his taking manners; and in a very brief time he succeeded in inducing Brigham and his associates to accompany him. They all packed themselves into the "Apostolic Coach," drawn by eight horses, and presented themselves in the camp.

The fighting was postponed, and negotiations for the removal of the Mormons were entered upon, Judge Douglas being chief negotiator on one side. Brigham himself said but little; and at length said he would go out for a while, directing his associates to settle the terms. These were soon informally agreed to by the Twelve, and they were committed to paper.

Brigham returned, and asked how matters had succeeded. He was told that every thing had been settled.

"Let me look at the terms," said Brigham, quietly.

He read them over hastily.

"I'll never agree to them; never!" he exclaimed.

The vote was formally put, and the whole Twelve, without a dissenting voice, declared against them, though they had as unanimously accepted them not five minutes before.

The negotiations were then renewed between Brigham and Douglas. New terms were settled; and when the vote was taken the Twelve agreed to them at once. The treaty was duly signed, and the Mormons prepared to leave the State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

THE EMANCIPATION QUESTION AGAIN.

THE agitation by some Southern politicians of the revival of the slave-trade, and the undoubted fact that African negroes are constantly landed in the Southern States and sold to the planters, imparts new interest to the inquiry which is being made by practical men into the working of emancipation in the British West Indies. We took occasion in a recent number to allude to the new and startling views set forth by Mr. Sewell, of the *Times*, in his letters to that paper from Barbadoes and Trinidad; some recent events seem to indicate a more speedy fulfillment of his predictions than was anticipated by that cautious writer.

The island of Jamaica, we learn from undoubted authority, is only kept quiet by the presence of large bodies of British troops. Barbadoes and the smaller islands are overawed by British men-of-war. The newspaper organs of the colored race—some of which, edited and printed by men of color, are exceedingly able—make no secret of their conviction that, if these constraints were removed, the blacks would rise and assert what they consider their rights. So long as the troops and the frigates are there, the blacks are too intelligent to expose themselves to a bloody defeat; but the moment they are removed—and Great Britain will not keep a European army and navy forever in the West Indies, for no benefit to herself—the universal opinion of the colored race is that the blacks will rebel, and will use their enormous strength to requite the whites for the wrongs they believe they and their ancestors have endured at their hands.

Simultaneously with the development of this state of feeling the English authorities, jealous of the renown won by the French Zouaves in the late war in Italy, have ordered the enrollment of three new regiments of colored troops from the British West Indies. There are three already. They are uniformed and equipped like the Zouaves—officered by Englishmen, and trained in the British drill. They are an efficient body of men; disposed, like the Zouaves and Turcos, to be unruly and ferocious, but no doubt very well adapted to the savage trade of fighting. With the three new regiments the West Indian corps will form a little army. One is not a little curious to know where the new army will win its laurels.

In Barbadoes, during the late panic, when the whites prepared for a general rising of the blacks, it was well understood that the native regiment quartered on the island could not be relied on. How will it be when the time comes—as it must sooner or later—that the entire defense of the West India Islands is left to these Zouaves?

Events point—and we entreat the advocates of the revival of the slave-trade to study the question—to the outbreak of a war of races in the British India Islands. The result of such a war could not be doubtful. Victory would at first rest with the blacks, who outnumber the whites as ten to one. They would probably abuse it, and thus lead to a fearful retribution by the whites, to whose succor England would send avenging legions. These would do their work as it has been done in India. There would then be a pause, during which—as now in India—the British public would be called upon to consider whether it was for their interest to spend several millions a year in protecting a tribe of ignorant, besotted, and helpless planters against a united and active colored race. The decision of that question is certain: the English would, sooner or later, abandon the place, and the whites would either be driven to leave the islands, or, like the Europeans of Hayti, would accept the domination of the black race.

This is the destiny of the British West Indies. This is the result of emancipation. Impoverishment and decay were the first-fruits; extermination of the whites will be the ripe harvest.

We have more than once drawn attention to the lessons of history on the blending of races. The world is about to witness a new illustration of the great truth, that two oppositely constituted races can not live in harmony on equal terms in the same land. Peace is possible where one race is dominant, and the other subservient. But if the dividing line be effaced, and a social and political equality established, peace is impossible until one or the other race is entirely crushed. It does not require a seer to discern in the future the establishment of a great negro empire or confederacy in the West Indies; with aims which can readily be conjectured, with a power which can be computed, and at whose proportions the white man shudders; with a destiny which the promoters of the slave-trade should lose no time in contemplating.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

THE article on Popular Sovereignty contributed to the September number of *Harper's Magazine* by Senator Douglas is attracting the attention it deserves. From his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, Senator Douglas has had opportunities of becoming more familiar with the subject than any other statesman of the day; his legal mind and lucid style are admirably adapted to set the question in the clearest light.

A careful perusal of his article will, we think, lead all honest and intelligent minds to agree that the people of each Territory have a right to regulate all their local affairs—slavery included. At what period the settlers acquire this right—that is to say, at what moment of time they become an independent political community with indefeasible rights of sovereignty—it remains for Congress to determine.

What effect the publication of this article may have on the political prospects of Senator Douglas remains to be seen; the essay itself is rather the work of a statesman than a politician, and bears no trace of party prejudice.

Mr. Bancroft the historian has been heard to say that he will not carry his history further than the establishment of the Confederacy; because, in his opinion, all since then has been *experiment*. It is certain that the eighty years of national life which the Confederacy has enjoyed have not sufficed for the elaboration of the American system; many of our most important legal and political problems yet remain unsolved. Among these, the rights and duties of Territories are prominently conspicuous. Upon Senator Douglas, in our day, the duty seems to devolve of discovering or inventing a system of law applicable to them, and consonant with the spirit of the Constitution and the progress of the age. The Magazine article marks a prominent epoch in his task.

COLLAPSE OF THE CROAKERS.

ABOUT six weeks have elapsed since we appealed to the common sense of the public against the furious abuse of which the French Emperor was the object. At that time the British were fixed in the idea that the Emperor intended the invasion and conquest of their island; the London *Times* thundered for more coast defenses; the poet Tennyson piped for riflemen; and the American organs of frantic democracy in Europe gnashed their teeth and foamed at the thought that Napoleon had betrayed Italy. We implored our readers not to be led away by these hot-headed persons, but to wait for the facts before pronouncing an opinion.

The delay which we asked has not yet elapsed. The Conference at Zurich has not adjourned. The treaty of Peace is not before us. But enough is manifest already to show that Great Britain is in no danger of French invasion; that no more coast defenses or rifle-clubs are required to save London from attack and conquest; that Napoleon has not betrayed Italy; and that the Italians have already won quite as much as they could have expected when the war was undertaken. We look to see the New York *Tribune* follow the example of the London *Times*, and manfully retract the foolish calumnies which it has so frequently published respecting the Emperor of the French.

No one can help being pleased to hear of the release of the English from the agonies in which the French invasion bugbear has so long kept them. Napoleon, we now learn, has begun to disband his seamen, and place his fleet on a peace footing. Many of the ships which were said to be destined to operate on the British coast are being dismantled. There is work for them to do; but, rather than keep the English in a perspiration of fear, Napoleon postpones it. In the words spoken by Count Walewski to Lord Cowley since the peace of Villafranca, the Emperor Napoleon considers the British alliance so essential to the well-being of France and of the world, that he will rather abandon national projects on which he has set his heart than give his touchy neighbors a pretext for endangering it. One is at a loss which to admire most—the sagacity of the Frenchmen, or the wonderful obtuseness of the English, who would insist upon it that their lives were in peril.

Then as to Italy. It is now clearly understood that the French troops are not to be used to restore the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena. Austria may restore them—if she dare, and if she can. Whether she will try it, in the face of an overwhelming popular vote in those Duchies against them, we shall shortly see. France turns a deaf ear to the Pope's whining appeal for the restoration of his authority in the Legations; presently we shall hear that Pius has been informed that the French army at Rome is about to be recalled, and that he had best give his subjects such a constitution as will prevent their cutting his throat. Victor Emanuel, whom every one pitied when the Villafranca peace was made, declares himself quite satisfied; and Garibaldi, whom some paltry newspaper writers depicted as overwhelmed by the Emperor's treachery, proclaims his gratitude in an enthusiastic order of the day. If Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi are satisfied, with what color of reason can Englishmen or Americans arraign Napoleon for betraying Italy?

It is yet too soon, as we said, to see the end. Those who live will discover that the Emperor of the French has achieved his purpose most admirably. Italy is now aroused. She is a nation of twenty millions of souls. On the north, on which side alone she is exposed to attack, she has admirable armies, hardened to warfare, filled with ardor, ripe for victory. Throughout Northern and Central Italy the people have shown, throughout the whole of this trying year, a self-command and a fortitude for which we can not find adequate terms of praise. The back of the enemy has been broken by the French. European sympathy is fairly enlisted on the Italian side. If, under these circumstances, with a free people, aroused national action, general foreign sympathy, a first-rate army, and an intelligent population, Italy can not finish the work which Napoleon began: if, after France has borne the heat and burden of the contest, Italy can not gather in the harvest, and toil through the sunset, then, in God's name, let the Italians be slaves!

For our part, we believe in free Italy; and we believe that it will be found, when the work is over, that had the French done more or done less the work would have been worse done than now.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION IN EUROPE.

THE Germans, it seems, are terribly frightened by the dispatch from Mr. Cass claiming the surrender of Christian Ernst and the other American citizens who have been seized for military service in Germany. It is said that they are prepared to abandon the point without further parley.

We pointed out, in the first article which appeared in any American paper on this question, the weak point in the German side. We showed that, without raising a regiment or fitting out a gun-boat, we could bring all Germany to its knees at our feet—by simply placing an embargo on German manufactures. The Germans are alive to the chance, and rather than run the risk of a stoppage of their trade with the United States, they would let us have twice as many recruits as we have asked for.

We hope that the President, now that the question is in so fair a way of settlement, will not relax his efforts until it is definitely adjusted. His Secretary is a very old man, and committed some sad blunders when the point first rose; let him now efface them by a persevering and energetic vindication of American citizenship. Let him be satisfied with nothing short of a complete renunciation of the right of molesting American citizens; and let this renunciation be made by all the German powers. If this be done, the Democratic party will regain the ground it has lost.

THE LOUNGER.

MAKING A HIT.

AMONG the Adirondack hills and woods at this very time there are plenty of people lying quietly behind logs and rocks and banks, all ready to hit some noble animal that shall haply come bounding by. And so there are a great many young men, and women too, who are waiting quietly to pop at the great Public, and bag a reputation. They are waiting to make their hit. Several good fellows have already done it. There was Dickens, who fired off his Pickwick Papers, and brought down the deer Public in a twinkling. There was Thackeray, who had to wait longer, but hit at length with Vanity Fair. There was Tennyson, who waited longer still, but he gradually worried out the great Public. Then there was Charlotte Brontë: the prey had to come down. The young men and women look at these instances, and patiently wait for their turn.

More than one of them has told the Lounger that, when a man has made his hit, all the rest is easy enough; and it is true what they say. You have only to write your Pickwick, or your Vanity Fair, or your In Memoriam, or Locksley Hall, or your Jane Eyre—and the thing is done.

Therefore why not write it? Because a man has a fancy or some faculty for writing—because he has been praised, and because he wants to be famous, and sees that other men have become so by what they wrote—is it not rash for him to suppose that he can "make a hit" because somebody else did? Here, for instance, is Emily, the loveliest of women, whose manner is a magic that makes every body happy. She clothes her graceful form in a light muslin with short sleeves. Why should the plain and brusque Poppia suppose that her manner will be magical, because she slips her vast figure into a light muslin with short sleeves? Yet it is no more ridiculous than for any young man of literary ability to suppose he is going to "make a hit" because somebody else has.

How many lawyers are there in the city of New York? How many have there ever been? And how many names of great lawyers live in the history of the city?

Literary success is as rare as any other. Sometimes a man writes a book that makes his reputation, just as a lawyer makes a plea that establishes his. But in almost all cases two conditions are to be observed. Either very great talent or very great learning. And the two are often combined. Some of the greatest literary reputations have been built up very slowly. Some of the greatest authors never made "a hit." Milton did not—Milton's genius and fame grew like a tree. And it is observable that the "hits" are sometimes the bean-stalk that shot to heaven in a night, but withered in the morning.

Gentle Sir, or maiden, that liest under the green bank of summer leisure, expecting the buck to bound by—how if he never comes? How if your dinners depend upon his coming? How if the red autumn pierce your summer bank before you have "made your hit?"

BLONDIN AND DE LAVE.

IN a day when newspapers are mainly eager to tell something startling under the head of news, it is very easy, but very dangerous, to moralize and to generalize upon current phenomena. Yet because a prize-fighter by the name of Poole, who was identified with a political party, is murdered in a grog-shop, and buried with banners and a long procession, it does not follow that the American people have a stronger regard for bullies than for statesmen. Nor because vast crowds go to see Morrissey and Heenan fight, and the disgusting details are exposed in the largest print in the most widely circulated journals, does it follow that the American people are more interested in a prize-fight than in other more decent pursuits. Nor because, in these summer days, a man at Niagara tempts death for a living, and another one in Rochester imitates him, need we be swift to conclude that our civilization is low and sickly.

Either Blondin or De Lave will presently tumble off the rope and be killed. Then the newspapers will say, Sam Patch was fool number one, and here is fool number two. Meanwhile the same newspapers print all the details, and are responsible for at least half of the crowd and all the notoriety that attends these exhibitions.

Of course the journals fall back upon their old plea—"We profess to give the news, and we are paid for giving it. We do not approve the murders which are telegraphed and printed in our columns; but we should not be newspapers if we did not report them. We think Blondin is a fool, and we say so; but certainly his performances are part of the current news of the day. If a correspondent should write us from Niagara on a day when he crosses the Falls, and should say nothing of the spectacle which was the sole subject of attention, might we not justly complain of him as unfit for his position? Our readers don't wish to hear that Niagara is sublime; they want to know what is doing at the Falls."

This is a perfectly reasonable plea. But we are merely stating a fact. "There is a swarm of people pouring to Niagara to see Blondin walk over the Falls on his left elbow," says the *Daily Guide, Philosopher, and Friend*. "What a shame! what a reproach!" Yet if the *Daily G., P., & F.* said nothing about Blondin and his elbow there wouldn't be a swarm of people going to see the sight. "But then they would want to just as much; they have it in their minds to go, or they would not start when the news comes."

That is a dangerous argument. But, without discussing it, what is the number of persons who have probably gone expressly to see the rope-walking? And how many of the intelligent people of Rochester form any part of "the party" of De Lave? It is told in Bohemia that a shrewd gipsy went to the great Morrissey fight to see what he, with sarcastic meaning, called "the governing classes." But while there is an obvious truth in the sneer, it is only obvious. Brain rules brawn. The stoutest gang of bullies in New York are only the tough knuckles of some crafty, silent manager, whose hands are lily white and delicately kidded. We talk of our popular government, but it is popular only in form. Presently we are going to elect another President. Will the shrewd and sarcastic gipsy say whether he thinks that the mass of voters will or will not follow the lead of certain sagacious chiefs as obediently as the French people would vote for the candidates Louis Napoleon chose to submit to them? The candidate of any party is, theoretically, the man whom the leaders of the party suppose will be most generally agreeable to the majority. But actually—such is the condition of party organization—it is the man whom the leaders choose.

The practical "opinion" of any country is not the voice of the majority, but the convictions of those who rule the majority by eternal laws of intellectual influence. The hope of this country is in the morality of intelligent men.

POOR RICHARD.

EVERY district has its genial chatty historian who knows the local traditions, as well as the larger history, of its people and progress. One of these lately told us a very characteristic story of Dr. Franklin.

The Doctor was one of the Commissioners who crossed from Perth Amboy to Staten Island to confer with Lord Howe, after the battle of Long Island. The house in which they met is still standing, and is one of the interesting relics of the island. Lord Howe said he could not recognize any claim of independence; and the commissioners said they could do nothing which did not start from such a recognition. So they took wine and parted. The American commissioners were conveyed across the water to Perth Amboy in the barge of the British General, and as they stepped ashore, Dr. Franklin pulled out a shining gold guinea and offered it to one of the boatmen. But the captain of the barge immediately called out to him not to take it; adding to Dr. Franklin that it would be as much as the boatman's place was worth to touch a rebel's gold. Thereupon the Doctor pocketed his guinea and walked away. But when his fellow-commissioners laughed at him for his willingness to lose his money so easily, Poor Richard waited until they had laughed out, and then said, with the wisdom of a true Yankee Solomon,

"Lose my money? Why, look here; these Britishers think we have nothing but copper and rag currency. Don't you see that I increased the worth of our army and cause a hundred-fold by showing the fellow the color of Yankee gold; *for I knew they wouldn't let him take it!*"

VITUPERATION.

THE dictionaries define vituperation as blame or censure. Why, then, is it that so many people insist that a speaker shall not vituperate another, since it is certainly proper for any man to censure or blame any conduct in any other man that he thinks fit; knowing, as he does, that if he do so unjustly the hard words will recoil and knock his own head.

Suppose, for instance, that you believe a man, who is perpetually held up to the admiration of the young men as a fit example of the man and the citizen, to be a cold, timid, selfish man, in whose hands the rights of the citizens could never be permanently secure, because his coldness, or timidity, or selfishness, would presently lead him to betray them. Is it not perfectly fair for you to declare to the young men that, in your opinion, such a man is not an admirable but a dangerous citizen, and that a nation of such would not dare to call their souls their own? Weakness, hesitation, an eternal circus effort of trying to straddle and ride half a dozen horses at a time, are as dangerous, and as fatal often, as direct bad intention. Whoever aspires by his own efforts, or by those of his friends, to be a leader of other men, must not complain if those who think him unfit for a leader state their reasons unshrinkingly, and do not hesitate to say that they mean him and no other. So long as a man lives privately and is of no public name or importance, he has the rights of privacy, and is justly shielded from public discussion of his character and probable aims.

We are gradually coming to a canvass of great interest in the country, in which many personal criticisms will be made. And they are to be condemned only when they are unjust, and not because they are personal. In a republic undoubtedly all elections should proceed upon the ground of principles and not men. But a citizen would be recreant to his duty if, when opposing certain principles, he thought that the representative of those principles was a man unfitted by personal character to fulfill the office, and did not say so. Suppose there were two parties upon a question of war. The one insists upon the war. The other resists it. Certainly it is perfectly fair for the orators of the latter party to say, "If an army must be sent, let us at least spare ourselves the shame of sending a drunken, incompetent bully to command it" —perfectly fair, that is, if the proposed leader be drunken, incompetent, and a bully. Whoever says so must, of course, expect to abide by his words. But there is this consolation—that if they be true, they are felt to be so even by those who would not have said them.

Clearly we have no right to call people foul names because they differ from us. We have no right to say, "Resolved, that we think twice two are five; and Resolved, that all people who don't agree with us are mean sneaks and vagabonds." That is simply silly. But orators are often taken to task for "abusing" other men when they are simply expressing an honest opinion of them for the purpose of destroying their influence as much as they can.

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—RUSTICUS justly says, "This serial publication of novels induces microscopic observation." The author whom he has caught tripping ought to be very glad that it is in so unimportant a particular.

—INQUIRER asks whether the author of a serial story ever undertakes to tell the same tale simultaneously in two different ways. This is sometimes done. It may be effected by laying the scene in different countries, giving the persons different names, but developing the same plot. Of course, however, such a story has no vital reality in the mind of the author, and can have none in the memory of the reader.

—P. B. It is hardly fair to suppose that authors as a class are more jealous than other artists. Among men whose pursuits involve the imagination there has always been observed a peculiar sensitiveness. But it is as remarkable in musicians and painters as in authors. As a class, imaginative men are both genial and generous.

—C. S. W. "Napoleon at Solferino" is respectfully declined.

—IMPUDENCE. The "Three Fishers" is a ballad by Charles Kingsley. It begins:

"Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down.
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town."

It has been set to very beautiful and appropriate music by a composer named Smith.

—A FRIEND. Pre-Raphaelite is a term applied to several young artists of great talent in England, whose principle of art was, that to produce the effect of nature, all the actual details of nature must be imitated in painting. The name is partly sarcastic, implying that their works have all the hard, stiff angularity of the artists who lived before Raphael; and partly it is complimentary, as indicating that they have returned to a more conscientious style than has been known since Raphael. Millais is the most famous and popular of the Pre-Raphaelite artists; and he has undoubtedly more poetic genius than any living English painter. His "Huguenot Lovers," and "Pardon," and "Cavalier in the Oak" are perfect poems, and among the most truly interesting of modern pictures.

—E. P.'s verses "At the Gloaming" are respectfully declined. Also, C. C.'s "Tolling for a Death."

—IGNORAMUS. The first railroad in the United States was built in 1826, to connect the Quincy Quarry, in Massachusetts, with the tide-water upon Neponset River. It was only three miles long. The first road for passengers was the Baltimore and Ohio, in 1830.—Steam power was first used upon railroads by Blenkinsop, in 1811.—The first locomotive in the United States was used in 1831 upon the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, and in 1832 upon the Baltimore and Ohio. In 1828 there were but three miles of railroad in the United States. Now there are more than 25,000. Who built the locomotive engine used on the M. and H. road? Was it Edward Bury, of England?

—W. S. H. sends a *jeu d'esprit* too long for the "Lounger's" column.

—ROSWYTHA's story has arrived safely, and an answer will be soon returned.

—LITTLE FLOWER, who returns a word to the Lounger, has his good-wishes for her literary success. He still thinks it a good thing to remember that while we may deserve success we can not command it. It will save many a disappointment.

—MOMUS protests against crinoline. He says that at the rate it is now spreading it will soon be a *line* that will encircle the earth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, *August* 16, 1859.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—The Rev. Mr. Luckey, Chaplain of the Sing Sing Prison, informs me that "Harper's Magazine" has performed an office of great mercy to the poor prisoners, and is earnestly sought after by them.

Now let me ask your many subscribers, who have old copies thrown aside, what could delight them more than to know that each one of these copies, if placed in the hands of a prisoner, would send a ray of joy to lighten the gloom of his penal solitude?

May I beg of them, through you, to send to me their *old copies*, and I will put them in repair and send them on their errand of mercy to the different prisons of this State.

Pardon this intrusion, and believe me still

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM JAY HASKETT,

15 Centre Street.

OUR SARATOGA CORRESPONDENCE.

SARATOGA, *August*, 1859.

THE crowd of visitors is yet very great here, and the best time to form an estimate of their number is around the Congress Spring from 7 to 8 o'clock in the morning, or by a stroll through the porticoes, parlors, and grounds of the principal hotels in the evening. These are the United States, the Union, and Congress Hall. It is very amusing to witness the crowds around the Congress in the morning, and the manners which are there exhibited—to see ladies, in their eagerness for a drink, snatching the glasses from one another, and even gentlemen from the ladies! A person crowded his way to the fence around the spring, and taking a glass of water in either hand, turned round and gave them to the ladies. He would not drink while there was a lady near him desirous of a glass. All were astonished at him: some said he was verdant, unacquainted with the habits of the place; others said he was a gentleman of the old school. When he retired from his post he had the thanks of many, and was the observed of all. All said he was a gentleman. And he was.

You are at once astounded and astonished on entering one of the gay saloons here. They are crowded with little circles, each talking and laughing at the top of their voice; and the confused noises stun you, as does the sound of many waters. And the splendid dresses and dazzling jewelry of the ladies astonish you. Even old ladies, with plumpers, paint, and plaited curls, jet as the raven's wing, are seen vying with the young, to be "Queen of the May." Is it any wonder that so many merchants fail, when their wives and daughters here can not be dressed for a ball, or for an appearance in the parlor, for less than from one to ten thousand dollars! We were shown a lady whose brilliants, worth only twenty thousand, were gloriously glittering under the bright shining of a gas chandelier, and a rogue, who had just left her side, after a brief conversation, whispered in my ear, "They were the only brilliants in her possession." This I could readily believe, as sense is always in the inverse ratio of the outward adorning, as it seems to be a trait of human nature to put the more abundant honor on the part that lacketh. The plainest people in these saloons are the aristocracy of the places from which they come. They leave the gewgaws to their coachmen.

It is wonderful the mixing up of people here. The young clerks, with their cigars and ratans, swell greatly. Their place at the dinner-table is usually indicated by the shooting of a Champagne cork. They put on quite a wealthy air, and obviously make the most of the little they have. Poor fellows, what a pity that the disproportion between their purse and their pretensions is so great! They imbibe a taste for the extravagant here which often interferes with their honesty, and with their subsequent prosperity in business. Economy and frugality are essential to success in life; these are simply mean vices at Saratoga, and are not to be named in the presence of the glorious virtue of prodigality which here reigns triumphant. In these gay saloons and halls you will see the milliner sitting by the side of the wife of the millionaire, and the swarthy and dwarfed creole from Cuba reputed to be a Don of Castile descent, talking bad English to both. Indeed the finest looking fellow on the portico of the "States" one evening, and the most reserved, was a barber from Broadway, with a lady on his arm. The dress of his hair and of his beard was exquisite. How the mammas sighed for an introduction on account of their daughters! Indeed, a year or two since a young "French Count" had all but won the hand of a young lady of the "Upper ten" around "Madison Square," when it was discovered that his "head-quarters" was near the main entrance of one of our fashionable hotels. For the young lady it was a hair-breadth escape. A man obviously with more paunch than brains who had made his money by a successful hit, was seen rubbing down his white waistcoat after dinner, and was heard saying to his friend by his side, "Well, it is good for an individooal to come for a few day to Saratogee."

But amidst this gilded ignorance and pretentious wealth there is a large mixture of the genuine article—of persons of high sense and of true worth. Here are princely merchants, as simple and pious as they are rich; and governors and judges, as modest and sensible as they are fair and lovely, who need not the giddy dance to display their accomplishments; and ministers of the first standing in their Churches, who have no need of preaching "spread eagle sermons" to proclaim their worth. The prayer meetings at nine o'clock each morning reveal that there are multitudes mixing with the gay throng whose hearts and whose hopes are in heaven, and who are as true to their principles as is the needle to the pole.

The *isms* come here to drink Congress and to ventilate themselves. They are all in a sad state just now. They once floated on high tide; but the waters are receding, and they are sinking in the mud. The Temperance Convention was a flat failure, because political, and abusive of good men. The Church is the great conservative body of the country; and because it will not become fanatical, and lend itself to elevate unprincipled aspirants to power, it is roundly abused, and even by some who minister at her altars. Fanaticism and abuse have never been, and never will be, successful reformers. They soon weary; and when unsuccessful, get vexed, and become abusive of the good. The truth only holds on its way, and from every defeat gathers new strength to pour another shower of arrows upon the scaly hide of the leviathan of sin.

And "the Woman's Rights" people are here, and the strong-minded women are speaking for twenty-five cents a hearer. The women beat the men far away. They are more fluent and eloquent; and because they reason through their feelings, come more directly to the point. There is a deputation among them from the Shakers at Lebanon—two men and three women. They are as primitive-looking as possible. In the street they walk, the two men before, and the three women behind; and the boys, in admiring mood, bring up the rear. Which is guarding the other it is difficult to say; but never did we see five persons in less danger from "the world's people" than they, or that stood less in need of protection. But even Mrs. Stone and the Rev. Miss Brown have but little attraction for the people of Saratoga; their eloquence failed to draw, and the Convention was a failure. Such things do for a while; but they soon become stale. Up to a certain point, women that unsex themselves may amuse; beyond that, they disgust. Some of our female brethren have obviously crossed the line. If hens do not get tired of striving to crow, people get tired of witnessing the operation. The only things that have been a success here are the prayer meetings in the morning, and the preaching of the simple Gospel on the Sabbath. And long may it be so!

An event has just transpired here which has its many lessons. A gentleman of New Jersey, the son of a distinguished jurist of that State—himself once a member of Congress—has just died at the Congress. He mixed freely and gayly with his friends through the day—at 8 o'clock in the evening he was in the circle of his friends in the portico—at 9 he was a corpse by apoplexy. In his coffin, and dressed for the grave, he was in the early morning away for his home in New Brunswick! The sudden death of one so known, respected, and distinguished made a deep impression for the hour. It started all, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. But yet one of the most brilliant balls of the week was in Congress in the evening. The music was as lively, and the people as gay, and the dancing as spirited, as if no such call from eternity had been heard for a hundred years. Thus men die, and the living lay it not to heart.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity." And nowhere on the continent is this truth more clearly seen than amidst the gay saloons of Saratoga.

A word about ministers. There are many of them here, of high and low degree; and all of them drinking water with a relish. Some of them look like the Prayer Book, bound in calf. Their regimentals tell their Apostolic descent. Others wear decent black, with the white cravat. Others wear nothing black but the cravat. Others are all white to their boots. Others wear whiskers of enormous size; while yet others have raised quite a crop on the upper lip. And there are yet others who maintain the ancient and simple and honored dress of their order—they shave, they wear black, and the white cravat, and the old-fashioned hat—and seek only to attract by the propriety of their demeanor. We would not make a minister an offender for a soft hat, or for white pantaloons and waistcoat; but we confess a strong prejudice in favor of a clean upper lip and chin for a minister, and of the usual black dress. Nor do ministers rise in the esteem of any body by following the fashions of Broadway or Saratoga. It is not well to treat rudely the associations of men. A very warm-hearted Christian man, dressed in white, led one of the morning prayer meetings. I confess I was somewhat shocked on learning that he was a minister. And there are multitudes of good people for whom a mustache would utterly spoil a sermon. If some of the fancy ministers of Saratoga could only hear the remarks made about them, they would at least shave and dress as do their more mature and sober brethren. It is hoped they will do so when they get over their youngishness. VIATOR.

HOW PEOPLE ARE RUINED AT BADEN-BADEN.

BADEN, *August*, 1859.

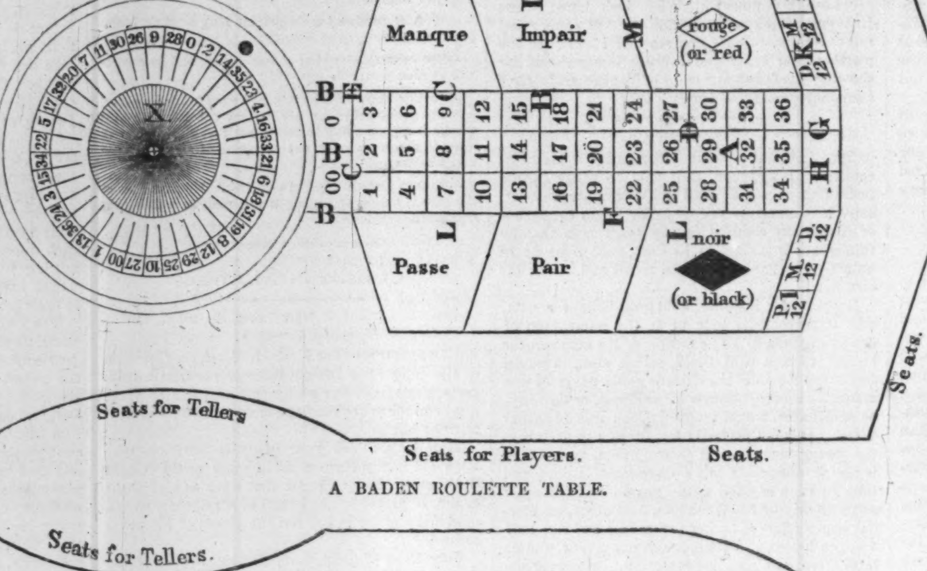
ALTHOUGH "peace" has been declared, still, nearly all the usual visitors to this famous watering-place have thus far been kept away by the war and a general expectation in Germany that a movement toward the Rhine or Vienna would soon take place by order of the "Confederation."

The King of Wurtemberg and his suite have lately arrived, and are staying at the "Hotel Victoria;" with this exception, no celebrities are present.

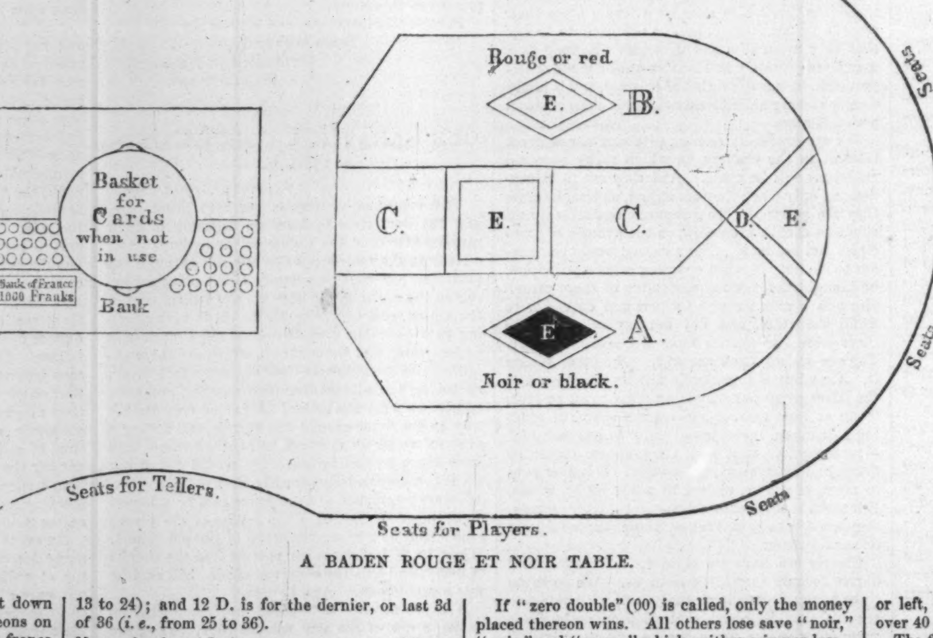
But there are a few of the faithful who never fail to be either here, in Wiesbaden, or Hombourg during the summer months. I mean that class whose passion for the gaming-table never ceases, and who, when the season closes at the watering-places, flee hence to the gambling-saloons of Paris, Vienna, or London.

The building in which the gaming-tables are situated is called the "Conversationshaus," or Conversation-house. It is a fine structure, with a noble Corinthian portico, the front looking toward a pleasant lawn, by the western border of which runs a small but rapid stream called the Oos. On the north and south ends of the lawn are small bazars, filled with Tyrolese, Swiss, Algerian, French, and Bohemian productions. The mountains on all sides are covered with rich verdure, and here and there the ruins of an old castle or watch-tower adds much beauty to the view. There is a concert every evening at the charming new rotunda—just finished at a cost of $12,000—which stands nearly in front of the "Conversationshaus," at which the best performers that Paris or Munich can furnish discourse the sweetest music. This "Maison de Conversation" was erected in 1824, by Weinbrenner. The main room is one of the finest I have seen in Europe, it being 150 feet long, 50 feet broad, and about 35 feet from floor to ceiling, the whole being decorated in the most costly manner. In this room is placed the "roulette table," while in a smaller room adjoining is found the one for playing "rouge et noir."

In order to understand these games it will be necessary to examine the adjoining diagrams. Firstly, the



A BADEN ROULETTE TABLE.



A BADEN ROUGE ET NOIR TABLE.

ROULETTE TABLE.

It is so called from the revolving disk (X) which is in the centre of the table. As the tables in Baden-Baden are double, you have only to double the diagram to have a correct idea of them as they appear. The inner circle as well as the table is divided into 36 places, plus a simple zero (0) and a double zero (00) place, which make 38 numbers. One half of the notches in this inner circle are colored red, and the other half black. In the outer circle an ivory ball is rolled in one direction, and at the same time the central disk is turned in an opposite one, and while these are revolving the players put down their money (from one florin to six Napoleons on the numbers, and as high as four thousand francs on the other parts of the table), until the banker, seeing the marble is about to stop, cries out that nothing more can be put down. The circles slope toward the disk, which is slightly conical, so that the marble rolls from one to the other several times before it falls into one of the notches. When it has fallen the banker declares the number and color which has won.

"Rouge" denotes the red, and "noir" the black side. "Pair" is for the odd numbers, including double zero (00). "Impair" is for the even numbers and single zero (0). "Manque" (to fail) signifies numbers from 1 to 18, and includes single zero (0). "Passe" is for numbers (passing) from 19 to 36, with double zero (00).

If a player does not win, he loses all he stakes. If he wins, it is as follows, the zeros counting the same as numbers, the money staked always counting as *one portion* in the payment.

Money put on A (or any number) wins 35 times.
Money placed across a line, as B, wins 17 times.
Money placed on 3 numbers, as C, wins 11 times.
Money placed on 4 numbers, as D, wins 8 times.
Money placed on 5 numbers, as E, wins 6 times.
Money placed on 6 numbers, as F, wins 5 times.
Money placed on 12 numbers, as G, wins 2 times.
Money placed on 24 numbers, as H, wins ½ a time.
Money placed on { Rouge or noir, Manque or passe, Pair or impair, } wins 1 time.
Money placed on the line, as at M, wins 1 time.

At the end we notice

P.	M.	D.
12	12	12

12 P. denotes the premiere, or first 3d of 36; 12 M. stands for the moyen, or second 3d of 36 (*i. e.*, from 13 to 24); and 12 D. is for the dernier, or last 3d of 36 (*i. e.*, from 25 to 36).

Money placed as at I wins .... 2 times.
Money placed as at K wins .... 1 "

In either of the latter cases *color* is not regarded.

The vacant squares at the end of the numbers neither win nor lose when the marble falls into the zeros.

In case "zero" is declared, only the money placed on (0) wins. All others lose but "rouge," "impair," and "manque," which neither win nor lose.

If "zero double" (00) is called, only the money placed thereon wins. All others lose save "noir," "pair," and "passe," which neither win nor lose.

In case the disk (X) becomes deranged, or is thought to revolve irregularly, it must be put in order in presence of a Government officer, assisted by one of the bankers.

The "roulette" company always commence with 40,000 francs in their bank. There are two paying tellers on each side of the table, and an assistant at each end, all of whom are relieved every two hours.

The playing commences at 11 A.M., and continues until 11 P.M., from May 1 until November 1.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

This game is less intricate than "roulette." In any case one either loses all he stakes or wins only double (the stake is included in the payment); and nothing less than two florins, or more than six thousand francs can be put down as a *first stake*, though the player can leave it until, by doubling with constant winning, he may "*sauter la banque*," i. e., break or blow up the bank, as was done three times in two days last year by the Prince Canino, he having won in that time $100,000; but as usual, he went to another gambling place and lost nearly all he had.

For this play six packs of ordinary playing cards are used, each of which has 52 cards. Each "face card" counts 10, and the others according to the spots, the ace counting only one. Therefore we have 312 cards, containing a sum total of 2040 numbers or points.

These cards are placed in the basket in the centre of the table; but new cards (and only those with white backs are used) must be furnished every day. The banker mixes these cards thoroughly, after which any one present can *re-shuffle* them, but the banker has the privilege of doing it the last time if he wishes. The cards are then placed in pile, faces downward. The banker, taking off as many as he can conveniently hold, asks the company to put down their money. This being done, he "counts off" by throwing with a peculiar whirl of his thumb and finger the cards from the upper part of those he holds, bringing the spots upward, until the numbers equal 31, or over, as may be, the first card of the first row *always deciding the color*. Then he commences a second row, and continues until the points equal 31 or over. If the *two rows* should both count 31 the money on the table must be put in the places marked (E) (which is termed being put "*en prison*"). If, in the following counts, the two rows should again equal 31, the winners gain (when another number appears) as many times their stake as 31 *double* has occurred since the same was put in prison. Or the player may state his preference for another color than that which he had at the time his stake was *being put* in prison; or he has the privilege of taking away one half his stake at the moment it is being imprisoned.

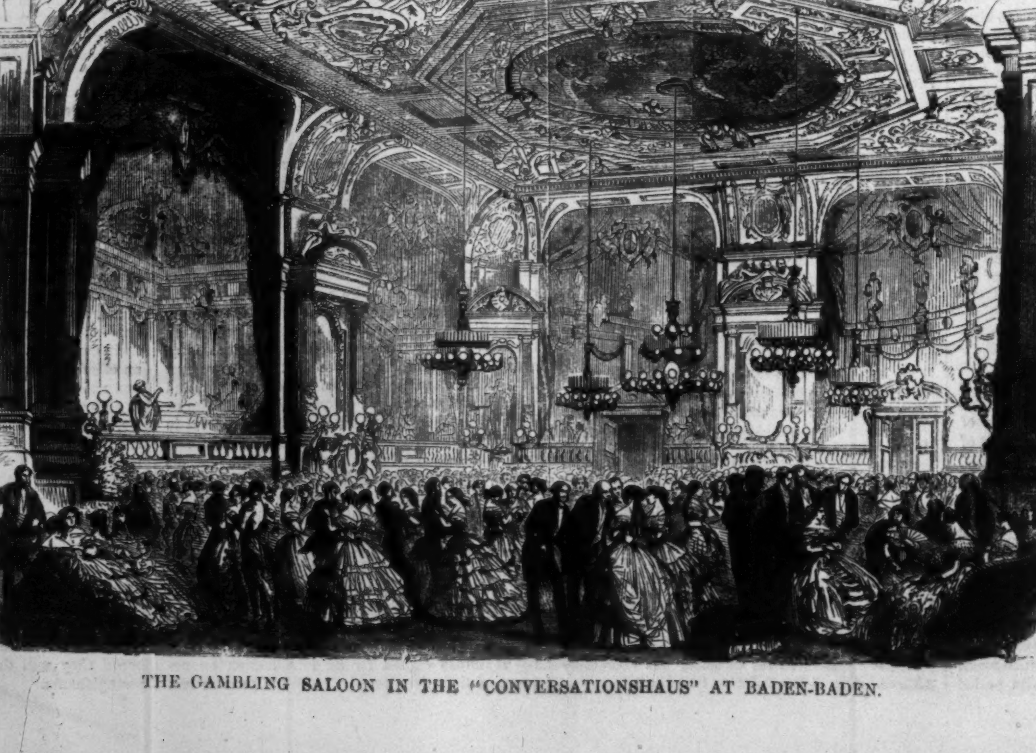
If, at the end, there are not enough cards to count 31 for both rows, the banker informs the players of the same, and at the same time the cards are again shuffled and "cut" by some one of the players, when the play is continued until the *count* equals or exceeds 31 of both colors. If both rows count 40 the stakes can be withdrawn or left, but another "count" must take place, as over 40 can not be counted.

The first card of the first row always designates the color row, and money placed on (C) would win if color gained. Money placed on (D) would gain if *contre-color* gained. Red (or rouge) is not called a color in the banker's decision: *i. e.*, he says either *red* gains and *color* loses, or *color* wins and *red* loses, instead of saying *black* and *red* wins or gains.

The row of cards whose numbers approach nearest 31 always gains; but if the count of the second row equals the first a new count must always be made, excepting in the case where both rows equal 31, which has been explained. The cards used must bear the seal of the Duchy of Baden.

These gaming-tables are under the direction of Monsieur Benazet, formerly of Paris; but the "Conversationshaus" is rented to a company who pay $30,000 for the season to the Government of Baden, and agree to spend $100,000 annually on the buildings and public walks and drives in Baden and its suburbs.

Although these games are always conducted fairly, any one can see that the chance is greatest for him who has the most money and most chances; and as few wish to risk an amount equal to the bank, the bank must needs be the gainer. It is from the immense number of small players that the bank is enriched and is enabled to pay such heavy rents and taxes. Therefore, if any one is inclined to play, it would be wise in him to compare the chances, and pay all his bills in advance, besides leaving out a surplus to get home with, ere he finds a home in the "Prison for Debtors," or commits suicide, a wretched, heart-broken outcast.



THE GAMBLING SALOON IN THE "CONVERSATIONSHAUS" AT BADEN-BADEN.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

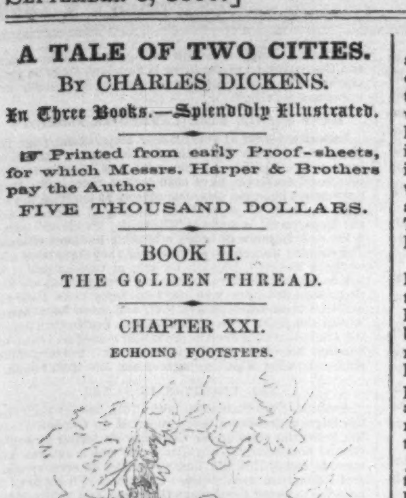
☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXI.

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.



A WONDERFUL corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directress and companion, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands and her eyes would be dimmed. For there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts—hopes, of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts, of her remaining upon earth to enjoy that new delight—divided her breast. Among the echoes then there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled to her eyes and broke like waves.

That time passed and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then among the advancing echoes there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in his arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominate nowhere, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds. Her husband's step was strong and prosperous among them; her father's firm and equal. Lo, Miss Pross, in harness of string, awakening the echoes, as an unruly charger whip-corrected, snorting and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go!" those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been intrusted to it. Suffer them, and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father, blessed words!

Thus the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over a little garden-tomb were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur—like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore—as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man ever really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind, when she was a wife and mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case no echoes tell; but it is so, and it was so here. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew. The little boy had spoken of him almost at the last. "Poor Carton! Kiss him for me!"

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favored is usually in a rough plight and mostly under water, so Sydney had a swamped life of it. But easy and strong custom, unhappily so much easier and stronger in him than any stimulating sense of desert or disgrace, made it the life he was to lead; and he no more thought of emerging from his state of lion's jackal than any real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion. Stryver was rich; had married a florid widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

These three young gentlemen Mr. Stryver, exuding patronage of the most offensive quality from every pore, had walked before him like three sheep to the quiet corner in Soho, and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband: delicately saying, "Halloa! here are three lumps of bread-and-cheese toward your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!" The polite rejection of the three lumps of bread-and-cheese had quite bloated Mr. Stryver with indignation, which he afterward turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen, by directing them to beware of the pride of Beggars, like that tutor-fellow. He was also in the habit of declaiming to Mrs. Stryver, over his full-bodied wine, on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to "catch" him, and on the diamond-cut-diamond arts in himself, madam, which had rendered him "not to be caught." Some of his King's Bench familiars, who were occasionally parties to the full-bodied wine and the lie, excused him for the latter by saying that he had told it so often that he believed it himself—which is surely such an incorrigible aggravation of an originally bad offense as to justify any such offender's being carried off to some suitably retired spot and there hanged out of the way.

These were among the echoes to which Lucie, sometimes pensive, sometimes amused and laughing, listened in the echoing corner, until her little daughter was six years old. How near to her heart the echoes of her child's tread came, and those of her own dear father's, always active and self-possessed, and those of her dear husband's, need not be told. Nor how the lightest echo of their united home, directed by herself with such a wise and elegant thrift that it was more abundant than any waste, was music to her. Nor how there were echoes all about her, sweet in her ears, of the many times her father had told her that he found her more devoted to him married (if that could be) than single, and of the many times her husband had said to her that no cares and duties seemed to divide her love for him or her help to him, and asked her, "What is the magic secret, my darling, of your being every thing to all of us, as if there were only one of us, yet never seeming to be hurried, or to have too much to do?"

But there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.

On a night in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came in late from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris that we have actually a run of confidence upon us! Our customers over there seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay? Yes, but we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion."

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure," assented Mr. Lorry, trying to persuade himself that his sweet temper was soured, and that he grumbled, "but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration. Where is Manette?"

"Here he is!" said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?"

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the Doctor.

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I am not fit to be pitted against you to-night. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can't see."

"Of course, it has been kept for you."

"Thank ye, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right; all safe and well! I don't know why any thing should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I was! My tea, my dear? Thank ye. Now come and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!"

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into any body's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off, as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

Saint Antoine had been that morning a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shriveled branches of trees in a winter wind; all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in St. Antoine was on high-fever strain, and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked toward the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastile!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double draw-bridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, Two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single draw-bridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One draw-bridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the single draw-bridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but still the deep ditch, and the single draw-bridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley—this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered draw-bridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastile. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Every where was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

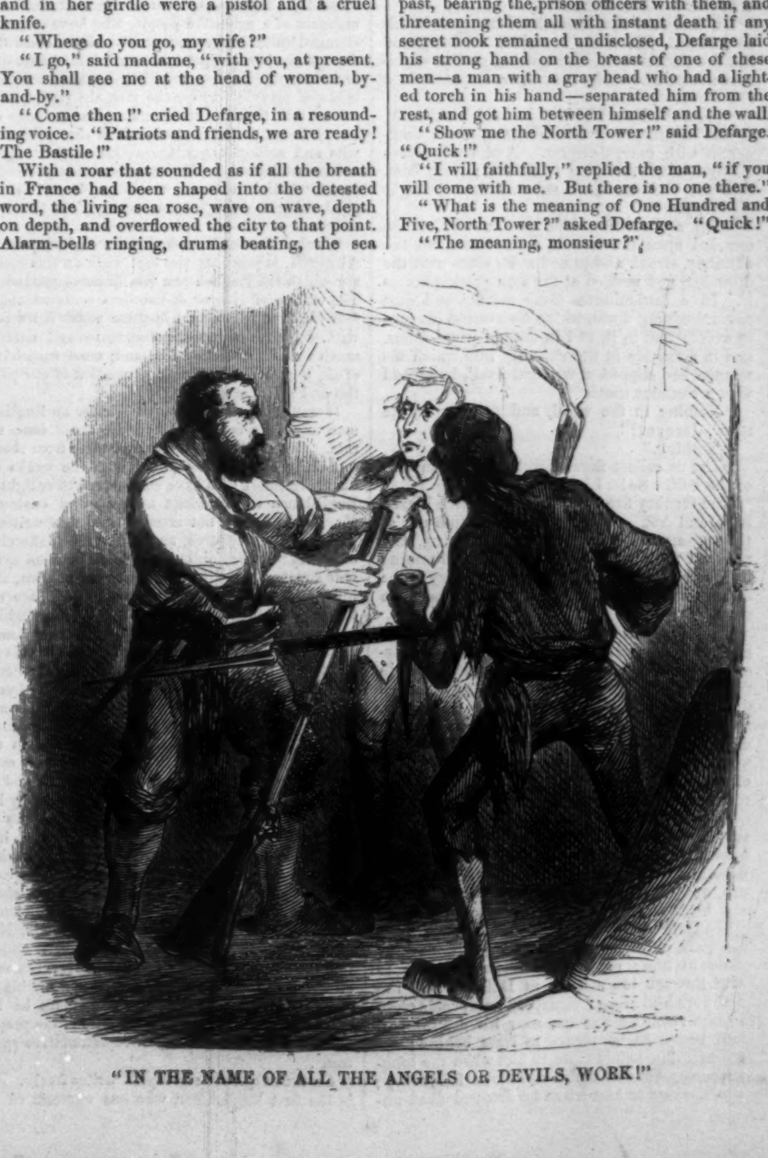
Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a gray head who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"



"IN THE NAME OF ALL THE ANGELS OR DEVILS, WORK!"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another even then: so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

"One hundred and five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

"Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them," said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

"Stop!—Look here, Jacques!"

"A. M.!" croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

"Alexandre Manette!" said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply ingrained with gunpowder. "And here he wrote 'a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crow-bar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

"Hold the light higher!" he said, wrathfully, to the turnkey. "Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife," throwing it to him; "rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you!"

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crow-bar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood-ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

"Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

"Nothing."

"Let us collect them together in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the court-yard: seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastile and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hôtel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his gray coat and red decoration, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him; remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down—down on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville where the governor's body lay—down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder!" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheavings of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high over head; all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, "THOU DIDST IT!"

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts—such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door they are not easily purified when once stained red.

LITERARY.

ACADIA; OR, A MONTH AMONG THE BLUE NOSES, by Frederick S. Cozzens. Derby & Jackson. All who desire to make themselves familiar with the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline" must read Mr. Cozzens's brilliant account of his ramble over the classic ground of "Acadia, land of the blessed." His descriptions of the costumes and manners of a primitive people, who have scarcely changed in their outward or inner lives since the days of the cruel expatriation, are full of a quaint and romantic interest not often found in modern books of travel; and for the rest, the reader need not be told that the incidents and adventures of travel do not suffer in the hands of that prince of wits and agriculturists, the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers." We can confidently recommend "A Month among the Blue Noses" as "a good thing to have in the country," or the city either.

Charles Mackay's book, LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA, is probably the best work on this country which the English pen has hitherto produced. The edition of Harper & Brothers contains about four hundred pages, and in these pages there is a vast deal of common sense observation and remark, much excellent description, and, most surprising of all, a great deal of just appreciation of our politics and political questions.

It would of course be impossible for an Englishman to write a book on America without some errors. But the book is remarkably free from these, especially so when compared with the works of his predecessors who have endeavored to enlighten Englishmen on American manners and customs. Mr. Mackay does not attempt any fine writing. His book is descriptive, and is devoted to sketches of affairs the most ordinary in our American eyes. Our streets, houses, hotels, steamboats, farms, and indeed all our ways and manners of life, are the themes on which he dwells. The estimate which he places on us is worth the reading of every American. The book is a fund of amusement in this respect. It is as if one had come into your house and gone away to write and print a sketch of your drawing-rooms and bed-rooms, your pictures and furniture, your household treasures and pleasures. The description is simple, unstudied, and in the main very accurate. The book forms a very complete picture of our life as seen by a frank and intelligent Englishman, and while it hints many lessons that we shall do well to learn, it shows up our good side freely and truthfully. Indeed, it is a source of surprise to the reader that Mr. Mackay should, in a rapid tour through the country, have picked up so much information on subjects about which our own people are but badly informed. New York, Niagara, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, Washington, the great watering-places, and at last Canada; all these he visited and describes. Nor are his descriptions mere outlines. In each place he has caught the prominent characteristics of the people, and has sketched more or less representative specimens.

On the subject of slavery he writes freely. He is the first Englishman who has appreciated the difference between the North and South in the treatment of the colored race. He describes the affection existing at the South between blacks and whites, and contrasts it with the Northern antipathy of the latter to the former. We are not to be understood as indorsing all his views of the subject, but that there is a vast deal more of common sense in those views than in the writings of any other Englishman can not be doubted.

Mr. Mackay's book will be widely read in America. It deserves it. We trust it will be as widely read in England; but this is hardly probable. We have more anxiety to know what is written about us than our neighbors have. Every man looks at his own photograph oftener than any one else.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE, like every thing else from Miss Muloch's pen, is a noble story of self-discipline. She has possibly suffered herself, and knows what it is thereby to grow strong. Here she teaches the education of fire, the purification of trial and suffering, the lesson of forgiveness and penitence and final restoration to faith and love.

This novel might be issued by a religious tract society for its grand lessons of truth. While it is absorbingly interesting it is at the same time thoroughly pure. It teaches the great cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith with boldness and fervor—sin as a curse, repentance and an atonement as the safety from it; and it teaches them as doctrines of life as well as doctrines of faith.

The plan of the book is novel. The chapters alternate, one being "His story," the next "Her story," and the entire volume is made up of two contemporaneous journals thus given. There is no passion, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, in the story, and yet there is more emotion than in any of her books. The birth and growth of love in the two principal characters—the calm, steadfast, increasing, overpowering, yet always silent, current in each life—is painted with artistic skill. We feel that we have known such people, nay, have at times ourselves been just such people. We lay the book down saying, "This woman has a most marvelous knowledge of the stuff we men and women are made of!"

Blue and gold again from Ticknor & Fields, and this time it is MOTHERWELL'S POEMS that we find in the covers. Let us wait for a still evening in the spring-time, and in some quiet place read, half sobbing as we read, "My head is like to rend, Willie," and "Jeannie Morrison," and "When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping." Motherwell is not half so well known in America as we could wish he were.

THE AVENGER, a Narrative, and Other Papers, by De Quincey, appear in one volume of Ticknor & Fields's uniform edition of De Quincey's works, and form a very readable book for the summer season to any one who wants a good tale well told by a powerful writer, a good article by a strong reviewer, and a learned sketch by an accomplished scholar.

For a laugh—yea, even a shout of laughter; for several laughs; for steadfast, long-continued, lasting laughter; and then for a sharp saying, a good retort, for pure wit, and sparkling humor—commend us to such a book as this, AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR, published by Harper & Brothers, and illustrated by McLenan. Here the fun of America is collected and preserved. Here are stories of senators and servants, of old ladies and babies—all American, and all good, excellent. If they dig up this book a thousand years hence they will say of us, "Those Americans of the nineteenth century must have lived to laugh—a race of fun-makers and enjoyers!"

KNITTING-WORK, by Mrs. Partington (B. P. SHILLABER), published by Brown, Taggard, & Chase, Boston. Mr. Shillaber is not *merely* a funny man. In his way he is a genuine humorist—one who points a moral or inculcates a lesson while he makes you laugh; and in whose quietest and best strokes of mirth there is often an after-feeling of tears. Mrs. Partington and Ike, regarded as mere character sketches, are not unworthy the genius of Sterne; they are thoroughly human, and truly American; and we do not wonder that the old lady in spectacles and her boy Ike have found a welcome at every American hearth. We are glad to see that "Knitting-Work" is having a run.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SLAVE-TRADE TO BE PUT DOWN.

WE read in the *Herald*:

"The Administration has bestowed upon the subject of the African slave-trade its earnest attention, and, with a view of suppressing, as far as possible, this traffic, has initiated measures more efficient and extensive than ever before for that purpose.

"The squadron for the coast of Africa, as arranged by the Secretary of the Navy, will consist of the following named vessels: The steamers *Mystic*, *Sumpter*, *San Jacinto*, and *Mohican*, and the sloops-of-war *Constellation* (the flag-ship), *Portsmouth*, *Marion*, and *Vincennes*. The most efficient officers are assigned to their command. Those of the steamers *Mystic* and *Sumpter* are respectively Lieutenant W. E. Le Roy and Lieutenant G. F. Armstrong. These gentlemen were at their own request ordered to this service. Their vessels being of light draught can penetrate waters too shallow for those which have heretofore been on that coast, besides having the advantage of steam. Hence slavers will be more closely pursued.

"The joint treaty with England requires that the United States shall keep there a force of eighty guns; but by the recent arrangement on the part of the Administration the number of our guns will be one hundred and sixteen.

"Mr. Birney, who succeeds Mr. Morse as Naval Storekeeper, went out in the *Constellation* with instructions to remove the naval dépôt for the African squadron from Porto Praya to San Paul de Loando, which is three hundred and thirty-six miles south of the Congo River, or about twenty-five hundred miles distant from Porto Praya. This new dépôt will, consequently, be much nearer than the former to the principal points of traffic on the coast, and will in a great measure obviate the necessity of long cruises.

"On our own coast, too, there is to be an efficient naval force, composed of the steamers *Crusader*, Lieutenant Maffit; the *Mohawk*, Lieutenant Craven; the *Wyandott*, Lieutenant Stanley; and the *Fulton*, Commander G. G. Williamson. They are to cruise in the neighborhood of Cuba for the purpose of capturing any slavers which may by their expertness escape the vigilance of our naval police on the African coast.

"These arrangements will soon go into full operation, and the Secretary of the Navy is now hurrying the preparation of such of the vessels as are yet in port for this important service."

HAVE SLAVES BEEN LANDED IN FLORIDA?

Letters received at the Interior Department from the Marshal of Florida report that he has made a full examination of all points on the coast, and that he is fully convinced no slaves have been landed there. No doubt Secretary Thompson instructs officers to exercise the utmost vigilance to prevent the landing of Africans, and the Department is made to believe the *Wanderer's* cargo is the only instance in which a landing has been effected. *Per contra:* numerous parties aver they have seen two or three hundred Africans on sale at various points in the South and Southwest. Among such persons are distinguished Senators, who unhesitatingly avow their belief that from ten to fifteen thousand have been landed within the year. The President and Secretary Thompson are both determined to probe all rumors, and discover whether the officers are faithful or not. Recreant Marshals, as in the *Wanderer's* case, will lose their heads.

THE ELECTION IN TEXAS.

Accounts from Galveston to the 16th instant state that the large majorities already reported for General Houston leave the election for Governor no longer in doubt. Out of one hundred counties from which returns had come to hand, Houston had majorities in seventy-nine, and Runnels in twenty-one. Clark was still believed to have been elected Lieutenant-Governor, and White, Commissioner of the Land-Office; but the returns for these were far less complete than those for Governor. Hamilton seems certainly to have been elected to Congress, though many counties are not reported.

BRUTAL RIOT NEAR BALTIMORE.

We read in the Baltimore *Sun* of August 23: "On Saturday night the steamer *Express* left this city for Lloyd's Springs camp meeting, on the Choptank River, with between 300 and 400 passengers on board. Shortly after passing Fort M'Henry it became evident that there would be trouble on board, and alarm took hold of the passengers. Before reaching the Bodkin a party of disorderly men, who rallied under the cries of Eubolts, Ranters, and Rip Raps, went forward and made an attack on the colored people who occupied that part of the boat. At first they amused themselves by knocking down the males and females of the colored passengers, when application was made to the captain to take some measures to put a stop to such proceedings. Nothing was done; and after a time the disorderly-disposed went down in the forward saloon, where several colored men had taken refuge. The assailants approached a man, and one of them stabbed him in four places in the side and chest. They then blew out all the lights in the saloon, and began an indiscriminate attack on white and colored. Mr. Jeremiah Slaughter was robbed of twenty-eight dollars. Mr. William D. Glass was robbed of twenty dollars; and another party was robbed of a valuable gold watch and chain.

"There being no prospect of any more booty in the saloon, the disorderlies again went on deck, and blowing out all the lights, went to the forward part of the boat again, among the colored people. One man and his wife were standing together near the bow, and thought they would escape observation. The man, however, was knocked down, and he was held while his pockets were rifled of all they contained. He was then stabbed several times, and his wife, who had witnessed the whole proceeding, was outraged in his presence, while she vainly cried for help. Some of the passengers again called on the officers of the boat and the committee who had chartered her, and volunteered, if called on, to quell the riot and confine the disturbers of the peace in the hold until the boat should return to the city. The attack was continued until several colored men were severely stabbed, and a much larger number horribly beat. Among those that were stabbed was a man employed as a drayman by Mr. Welch, in South Street; one by Messrs. Smith & Edmondson, on Cheapside; and one by Messrs. T. T. Martin & Brother, on Calvert Street. Who the others were was not ascertained; but it was said one of them died from the effects of his wounds. About daylight on Sunday morning the boat approached Cambridge, and the captain, at the request of the passengers, landed at that town.

FEEBLE CONDUCT OF THE AUTHORITIES.

"Sheriff Vickers, of Dorchester County, was notified of the outrages that had been committed, and summoning two or three of his deputies, proceeded to the wharf for the purpose of arresting the guilty parties. At first they defied his authority, but he called on some of the passengers who had witnessed the whole of the riot, and some four of the party were taken from the boat. Two of them gave their names as Skinner and Robinson, but the names of the others were not ascertained.

"They were taken before Justice Robert R. Rolinson, of Cambridge, and Charles Goldsborough, Esq., the prosecuting attorney, appeared on the part of the State. The whole of them were committed to jail for trial at the approaching term of the Circuit Court for that county. The boat then proceeded to the camp meeting, where the police force was so strong that no attempt was made to create disorder on the ground. They left again on Sunday afternoon for this city, but several of the passengers were obliged to stop in Cambridge, because their lives were threatened, and came up in the *Kent* yesterday afternoon. While the *Express* was on the way up to the city an attack was made on the engineer, who escaped by locking himself up in his room, his assailants threatening to throw him overboard. The whole affair is represented by those who witnessed it as having been most fearful. Females were thrown into consternation, and the rioters were appealed to for their sakes to desist, but they paid no heed to it."

THE WILL OF COLONEL THORNE.

The will of Colonel Thorne has been offered for probate. It is dated the 7th of December, 1855; it is written on thirteen pages of foolscap, and has two codicils containing two pages more, and dated severally the 13th June and 14th December, 1857.

No charitable bequests are made, but the whole property, to the value of about $1,000,000, is left to his widow. On her death the estate is to be equally divided between his six children, Mary J. de Varaigne, Jane de Pienes, Alice de Ferussac, Eugene Thorne, and Ellen and Ida Thorne, or their issue if dead, charging each of them, however, with the amounts received under the will of William Jauncey, and with the amount secured by marriage settlement. Two children, Angelina Depau and James Jauncey (deceased), having been amply provided for by the will of William Jauncey, nothing is left them, the former, or the children of the latter. The only bequest out of the family is $1000 to Timothy Doyle, the head-waiter of the testator. Colonel Thorne's son-in-law, Mr. Fox, and Mrs. Thorne are approved executors.

GENERAL JACKSON'S GOLD SNUFF-BOX.

We read in the Nashville *Banner* of August 18: "Our citizens are aware that General Jackson, in his last will and testament, provided that his gold snuff-box, presented to him by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, of New York, should become the property of that soldier of New York who should most distinguish himself in defense of his country. The question of title has been formally, and, we believe, to the general satisfaction of all interested, in favor of General Ward B. Burnett, who distinguished himself as Colonel of the New York regiment in the Mexican war. That gentleman visited this city some weeks since for the purpose of receiving this flattering and honorable testimonial of his military gallantry, but owing to the absence of Andrew Jackson, Jun., the presentation was unavoidably debarred, and he was obliged to return to New York. All parties being desirous that the will of General Jackson should be formally complied with, now that the recipient has been designated, it has been arranged that the presentation shall be made and accepted by proxies. Accordingly it will take place in the City Hall at twelve o'clock to-day. Dr. John M. Lawrence, as the representative of Andrew Jackson, Jun., will present the snuff-box to General Gideon J. Pillow, as representative to General Burnett.

"We had the pleasure of tickling our nasal develop-

ment yesterday with a pinch of snuff from this celebrated box—albeit 'we have no small vices.' It is a magnificent jewel, of solid gold, and inscribed on the lid, in plain script, is the following:

"'Presented by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, of the City of New-York, to Major-General Andrew Jackson, with the freedom of the city, as a testimony of respect for his high military services.'

"We suggest that an appropriate inscription, indicating the circumstances under which it is transferred to General Burnett, should be made on the reverse side."

NEGRO WEDDING IN JAIL.

We read in the Detroit *Free Press:* "A young negro wench made her appearance at the jail on Sunday afternoon and demanded to be married. She was decked out in all the finery she could muster, having got herself up for the occasion without regard to expense. A wreath of hollyhocks encircled her head, set off in the back-ground by a thicket of asparagus, over which was thrown a green vail to hide her blushes and the lustre of her teeth, as with a benign smile she struck a position in front of the grates and pointed out her intended. To the astonishment of all this favored individual proved to be an old darkey, who, from age and rheumatism, was totally unable to move, as he lay stretched out in one of the corridors. She insisted that she was not mistaken, and the old fellow was accordingly passed out into the hall by his companions in misery, and placed in a chair for the ceremony. The darkies gathered around in the corridors, peered through the grates, and hung in festoons about the doors and windows, so that, but for the relief of the few white faces present, the ceremony would have been performed in the midst of a cloud of sable gloom fit for the most Ethiopian of tragedies. The Sheriff was there in the most active superintendence, and with a face beaming with satisfaction at the prospect of so happy a termination to the troubles of one of his oldest subjects. They stood up and were married by Justice Purdy, and, the ceremony over, the bride turned around, and gave the old fellow a smack that savored of earnestness fully expressed. They had no place on earth to go to, and the aged darkey was put back for the night, the bride promising to come back for him as soon as she got quarters. Somebody asked her what she wanted to marry such an old codger for, at which she indignantly replied, 'Kase I lub him—dat's de reason; I jess lub de groun he walks on, and he is good enuf for any body, so he is. Now I hopes ye knows.' The old fellow took it coolly, and paid no attention to the dry jokes cracked among his comrades on the inside at his expense."

THE GREATEST MAN AT NIAGARA.

The Rochester *Democrat* says: "On Sunday, we are told, a curious indication of the state of feeling at Niagara Falls was manifested in the proceedings of a Sabbath-school there. A gentleman from Cattaraugus County was addressing the children, and inculcating the duties of reverence for God and obedience to the Supreme will. In the course of his remarks he desired to draw a contrast between God and the children's highest ideal of greatness on earth, and for that purpose he asked of the little ones before him who was the greatest man at Niagara Falls—the man most entitled to their respect—when, to his astonishment and chagrin, a dozen youthful voices responded, enthusiastically and in entire concord, 'Blondin!' 'Blondin!' 'Blondin!'"

BLONDIN OUTDONE.

The Rochester *Union* has the following: "A couple of Brockport boys—Cornes and Parker—have, for some time past, been practicing on the tight rope for the amusement of the people of the village. They have a rope drawn across the canal from the American to the tavern on the towing path, and there show their dexterity. We are told that they start at the same time, one from each end of the rope, and meeting in the centre, over the water, some twenty feet above it, they pass—one seating himself and the other stepping over him. It is said that these young men have made an engagement to go to Watertown, Jefferson county, and walk over Black River, where it runs through a frightful chasm. This is young America all over. No Frenchman can introduce any thing here as the study of a lifetime, but some Yankee boy can compete with him successfully in sixty days."

A LIVING HEAD ON A DEAD BODY.

The Newburgh *Index* gives the following curious but melancholy particulars of a respectable farmer in that neighborhood, who was once a resident of that city:

"Mr. Archibald Campbell, a respectable farmer in the township of Camden, East, while engaged in finishing a new dwelling on his premises, the scaffold gave way, and he was precipitated, head foremost, to the ground and dislocated his neck, but very fortunately and mysteriously did not kill him. When his head was brought to its proper position, the vertebræ of his neck returned to its proper place with a dull but distinct snap. The whole body is paralyzed and dead from the neck downward. He is not capable of moving a muscle or experiencing the slightest pain. Fortunately the nerves supplying the muscles used in respiration were not paralyzed, and he can breathe and live. Had the injury of the spinal cord been a little higher, he would have died immediately. The senses of sight, hearing, smelling, etc., are normal, and his intellect unimpaired."

PERSONAL.

We learn that Mr. Alfred Tennyson contemplates a tour in the United States the coming autumn.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* announces that one of its articles was indited and "set up" by the Hon. Richard Busteed, Corporation Counsel of the City of New York.

A correspondent of the Galveston *News*, writing from Consicona, July 29, says that "State Senator Martin accidentally shot himself a few nights since. He was canvassing for re-election, and, having to ride after night, carried a horseman's pistol charged with shot. His riding animal took fright, and, by some unaccountable mischance, the pistol discharged its contents under his chin; several shots being detained in his cravat, others entered the flesh. For a day or two he was supposed to be dangerously wounded; but, I am happy to inform you, he is rapidly recovering. To-day he is out pursuing his canvass as careless of his wounds as one of the gallant heroes of Solferino."

A base, constructed of granite, to support the slab in memory of Benjamin Franklin and his wife, was on Friday placed in the position assigned to it in Philadelphia. It rests upon a plain foundation of stone, and in dimensions is six feet ten inches long, four feet ten inches wide, and three feet deep. The new lettering, chiseled in the solid stone, comprises the simple inscription, "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, 1790."

According to a correspondent of a Canada paper, M. Blondin will walk again across the Niagara on Wednesday next, when he announces his intention of appearing in the character of the Liberian Slave, chained from head to foot. He will also, when recrossing, carry with him a stove and cooking utensils, and when in the middle of the rope will cook omelets for the passengers of the *Maid of the Mist.* A Rochester journal says that he realized $1500 from his last exhibition at Niagara, and that he has probably made $5000 this season in rope-walking over the great river.

A little paper called the *Spy*, at Cleveland, Ohio, is edited by a young lady, who, in the personal column, spied so closely into the affairs of a young gentleman of that city that he declared war, went to her sanctum, and demolished her fixtures and printing-press *in toto*, throwing the latter out of the window.

A letter from La Crosse, Wisconsin, August 10, says: "The Hon. William Dennison of this city was yesterday beaten to death while out in Mormon Cooley, some fourteen miles from town, with a brother-in-law, trouting. Some words passed between them about their right to take the trout from their lands, when they came to blows, which resulted as above. The parties (father, two sons, and two daughters) are now safely lodged in jail. Much excitement prevails in town. Mr. D. was at the head of the law profession, partner of the present Mayor, and much respected by the community. The deceased was formerly of Freedom, Portage County, Ohio."

Two American officers were at Solferino—Major Kearney, who had a nominal position in the staff of a French General, and Lieutenant Carr, who had leave to "circulate" in the Piedmontese camp.

The Hon. Henry Wilson has accepted an invitation to deliver a eulogy at Natick upon the late Hon. Horace Mann.

Colonel Frémont, says the Mariposa *Gazette*, "is at last, to some extent, out of trouble, as we are happy to know. He has settled his principal matters of difficulty, and is out of the hands of the Sabeans and Pawn Breaking capitalists. He has means to go on with his improvements, and will build a new quartz mill upon the Merced River, for which he has ample water-power. His mills now running are yielding very handsomely, as we are informed."

A New York correspondent of the Baltimore *Clipper* says: "Among the visitors lately at the Astor was the Honorable Reverdy Johnson. He informs me that, in the course of a few months, he will go to Paris to have an eye (now blind) taken out. Some years ago, while witnessing a duel, the ball from the pistol of one of the parties struck a tree, and glancing into his eye, destroyed the sight. The serious operation of removing the whole ball of the eye has now become necessary, and surgeons here advise the resort to Paris skill."

Along the line of the La Crosse Road, a few miles above Horicon, says the Milwaukee *News*, is a sign-board, on which is painted in large letters, so plain that "he who runs may read:" "*As both of us are so d——d poor, don't run over my cattle.*—H. H. ELKINS."

The Chicago *Journal* says that "Mr. Louis Schade, whilom of Chicago, is cutting a great swell in Iowa, as an expounder of Democracy to his countrymen. The best joke of the season is said to be on this Schade. He wrote home to Germany, that he was Attorney-General of Iowa; that the duties of the office having become irksome to him he was about to resign, when he would be appointed Minister to Berlin, and revisit in triumph the land of his nativity."

Among the visitors to the White Springs, Virginia, are Mr. Secretary Thompson, Mr. ex-Secretary Conrad, Governor Manning of South Carolina, Professor Biedsbe, Judge Perkins of Louisiana, ex-Senator Bayard of New Jersey, and Mrs. Gwin, the wife of the Senator from California, who is, perhaps, the most observed among the ladies.

The correspondent of the *Press* says: "Walking leisurely down Broadway an hour since, I met in a single block, and within the space of five minutes, that gallant filibuster, General Henningsen; portly and comfortable-looking General Paez; the sanguinary Zouave, Captain De Reviere; strong Tom Hyer; Mary Taylor (that was); and that graceful and felicitous person, Signor Brignoli."

They have a queer way of doing some things in Texas. At the Galveston Theatre, with more honesty than delicacy, the Hunchback has been announced on the bills, with "Julia, by Mrs. Henry, her first appearance since her confinement."

A Washington correspondent reports that the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General both wear false hair. He adds: "Wigs, like diseases, are great levelers, and it is lamentable to observe how numerous they are among public men at Washington. The heads covered with them are numerous. The bald pates that ought to be covered with them are perhaps more numerous."

A Yankee schoolmaster, named Comstock, turned a drove of cattle into the corn-field of a farmer in Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, ran away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

Twenty thousand people saw Monsieur De Lave walk across the Genesee River, at Rochester, on Tuesday.

It is said that a book, including his personal and political reminiscences, is in preparation by Captain Isaiah Rynders. If complete, such a work would possess a peculiar interest.

The Charlottetown (Prince Edward Island) papers of August 8 state that Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist, was then at that place, having made a tour of the island to ascertain the condition of the insane in that quarter.

Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, South Carolina, arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel last evening, intending to pass a few days in the city on business. He is now lodging at the residence of Archbishop Hughes, No. 263 Mulberry Street.

Miss Martha Haines Butt, A.M. (Mistress of Art), the accomplished young authoress, from Norfolk, Virginia, has arrived in this city, and is stopping at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued on the 13th inst.

The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's Speech. She regrets that the interruptions during the session have prevented many important measures from being carried, and hopes for their early consideration at the next session. The war in Italy having been concluded, England had been invited to take part in the Conference of the great Powers, should one be held; but sufficient information on this subject to admit of a definite reply had not been received. She would rejoice at being able to contribute to arrangements to serve a lasting peace. She hopes that the direct communication with Pekin will prove beneficial. She hopes for a continuance of the existing amicable relations with all Powers, and rejoices at the complete suppression of the Indian rebellion. She promises her serious attention to the internal improvement of India. She gladly assented to the bills providing for the naval and military reserves, and regarded permanent national defenses as of paramount importance. The remainder of the speech is congratulatory on the prosperity of the nation.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" READY FOR SEA.

WE read in the London *Times*, of August 9: "The completion of this magnificent vessel was formally celebrated yesterday at a banquet on board the ship, which was honored by the presence of many of the members of both Houses and some of the most distinguished engineers and scientific men in the kingdom. During the short interval which has elapsed since our last notice of this noble vessel, the work of her completion has progressed with giant strides, and it is only doing bare justice to Mr. Scott Russell's exertions, to say that no other man in the kingdom could have fitted the vessel in the same time, and there were not a few who believed that the task would prove too much even for his energy. Three weeks or so ago and only one or two of the six masts were fixed, the bulwarks had not been quite completed, the hull wanted painting, the decks were piled with indescribable lumber of all kinds, while the labyrinth of cabins and saloons below seemed only so many dirty store-houses for unfinished joinery. Yesterday the scene on board was the reverse of all this, and such progress has been made that the ship now looks as she will look when proceeding to sea, and as she ought to look to keep pace with her reputation as the largest and finest specimen of naval architecture that ever floated. The deck has been planed and scrubbed to man-of-war whiteness, and not even a stray rope's end breaks the wonderful effect produced by its immense expanse. Her fleet of small boats (that is to say, about the size of sailing cutters) hang at the davits, ten on each side.

THE MASTS AND RIGGING.

"The whole vessel has been painted, the saloons are finished, the cabins decorated, and even furnished. The masts are fixed and rigged, with the exception of the yards, which will be sent up in a day or two. The three centre square-rigged masts are of iron. They were made by Mr. Finch, of Chepstow, and are the finest specimens of masts of the kind that were ever manufactured. Each is made of hollow wrought iron in eight feet lengths, strengthened inside by diaphragms of the same material. Between the joints, as they were bolted together, was placed a pad of vulcanized India rubber, which gives a spring and buoyancy to the whole spar greater than wood, while at the same time retaining all the strength of the iron. The breaking strain of the six shrouds to each of these masts is over 300 tons, which gives ample security for the masts being properly supported, as the weight of each is only twenty-two tons. On deck are four small steam winches or engines, each of which works a pair of cranes on both sides of the vessel. Any thing more simple or more perfect than the double mechanism by which these are made to work at both sides can hardly be conceived, and the value of the invention may be estimated when we say that with these four double cranes alone 5000 tons of coals can be hoisted into the vessel in twenty-four hours. Thus the grave objections of those who speculated on the loss of time required to coal the great ship are entirely done away with.

THE CABINS.

"The chief saloons—all save one—have only been fitted, to a certain extent, in a temporary manner. The fittings are exceedingly handsome and substantial, but the decorations of the huge iron walls and girders have been reserved until after her first trip, and now are only painted of a plain white. The absence of elaborate decoration in them, however, is amply compensated in the chief saloon, which has been finished to show the superb style in which the whole will be decorated when the *Great Eastern* begins running to the East. On this saloon Mr. Crace has lavished his utmost efforts, and the result is a combination of taste and richness to an extent which is really astonishing. Whether the fine traceries of gold and color are examined in detail, or whether one chooses to judge by the tone and effect of the whole apartment, the decision is equally favorable, and this saloon is not only the finest and richest of any that has yet been attempted, but is likely to remain for many years the standard by which all other cabins of the kind will be judged. It is said that the mirrors, gilding, carpeting, and silk curtains for this apartment alone cost £3000. In the berths, of course, no attempt is made at costly decoration of this kind, though the fittings are good and sufficiently luxurious. The berths are arranged in three classes—those for parties of six or eight, and these are large rooms—those for parties of four, and the rest in the usual style of double cabins. All are very roomy as cabins go—very lofty, well lit, and those on the outer sides exceedingly well ventilated. On the lower deck the berths are even larger, loftier, and more commodious than those in the upper. Both the berths and saloons here are, in fact, almost unnecessarily high, having very nearly fifteen feet in the clear. The kitchens, pantries, and sculleries are all on the same extensive scale, and fitted with all the large culinary requisites of first-class hotels. The ice-house holds upward of 100 tons of ice, and the lofty wine-vaults—for such, in fact, they are—already contain wine enough to form a good freight for an Oporto trader."

MORE ABOUT SPURGEON.

The London *Times* of August 9, has the following: "Mr. Spurgeon, in preaching at Norwich last week, indulged in some of his characteristic humor. 'Content,' he said, 'made our cup run over, while discontent knocked the bottom out.' The story which had recently appeared in the papers about his having a large fortune left him was a complete hoax; if he were to have a guinea for every falsehood told about him, he could build his great chapel very soon, and probably have enough left for a cathedral or two. . . . Christian men sometimes fell terribly foul of each other, like the two English ships which broadsided each other for two hours in a mist without knowing that the British flag was flying at their mastheads. The lazy man was one of the biggest sinners on earth; if he did nothing else, he broke one of God's greatest commandments. There was a very strict Sabbatarian gardener, who was very hard upon his master about the observance of the Sabbath. His master said to him, 'Why, you break the commandments yourself!' 'How?' said the gardener, 'I don't work on Sunday.' 'No,' quoth the master, 'nor on any other day. Just repeat the commandment.' The gardener obeyed, and when he came to "'Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do,'" his master said, "There, stop there; that is as much a part of the commandment as that 'the seventh day is the Sabbath.'" . . . The stickling for sectarian distinctions was as absurb as if a hungry man, about to eat some bread, were told by a Churchman, 'No bread like the tin loaf;' or by a Methodist, 'You must eat twists.' The hungry man would say, 'Give me some bread, and I will settle the shape afterward.' It jars, somehow, upon the feelings to see the copious reports which the country papers give of Mr. Spurgeon's 'sermons,' curiously interlarded with 'laughter.'"

FRANCE.

PROPOSED POLITICAL AMNESTY.

It is reported that Napoleon intended to publish a political amnesty on the 15th inst., which was to include the names of General Changarnier, Colonel Charras, Louis Blanc, and Ledru-Rollin, and others prominent in the events of 1848.

NAPOLEON'S NEW TOMB.

We read in the Manchester *Guardian* of August 8: "Workmen are now busy in the vaults of St. Denis preparing a sepulchre for the remains of Napoleon I., which will certainly be removed from the Invalides, although the day for the disinterment is not yet fixed. I presume that Marshal Prince Jerome, who at one time declared that the tomb in the Invalides, of which he is governor, should never be disturbed as long as he lived, is now less positive in his opposition. The last resting-place of the great Napoleon among the bones of the kings of France will not, however, after all, be the precise spot which he had selected for himself, and which he is represented pointing to in the well-known glass painting in one of the Cathedral windows. Louis XVIII. is buried in that vault, and the Emperor, whose great object in interring his uncle in the royal basilica is to teach the public to regard him as the legitimate founder of a new line of monarchs, can not in consistency desecrate the tomb of a legitimate Bourbon."

ITALY.

THE COMING STRUGGLE IN TUSCANY.

The news from Italy is contradictory. The Liverpool *Post* of the 13th gives the following *résumé:*

"The provisional Government of Tuscany issued a proclamation to the people before the elections took place, calling upon them to enable, by their conduct, the Emperor Napoleon to do for Italy what he intends for their good; and it is stated besides that they have sent a special envoy to Berlin to obtain the consent of the Prussian Government to the removal of the present dynasty. With regard to the question as to who is to take the place of that dynasty, the Paris correspondent of the London *Star* returns to a project already mentioned, namely, a marriage between the Grand Duchess of Parma and the nephew of Victor Emanuel, the Prince of Carignan; to be followed by other marriages destined to cement the union between the Houses of Savoy and the Imperial family of France and the Bourbons of Parma, and at the same time to promote the cause of Italian unity under Sardinian supremacy."

The young Grand Duke of Tuscany was said to be preparing a manifesto, offering the Tuscans a representative constitution.

The French journals contain a letter from Florence, asserting that Prince Napoleon is generally talked of as the future sovereign of Tuscany.

"FLORENCE, *August* 11—5 P.M.

"The Ministers and Deputies went this morning to the Cathedral. They were cheered at the opening of the Assembly; and the opening message of Nicasoli was much applauded. The whole town is covered with placards, ending with these words: '*Viva Vittore Emmanuele! Il Notre Re.*'"

PROBABLE TROUBLE AT MODENA.

In the Duchy of Modena every thing seems in favor of Piedmont. The people run in crowds, we are told, to vote for the dethronement of Francis Fifth. The Duke, it is added, is in the environs of Reggio, where he wanders about disguised and in secret to warm the zeal of his partisans. It is further stated that the Modenese and Parmesans have been invited to a monster banquet, which is to take place at Piacenza, for the purpose of coming to an understanding upon three points:

The dethronement of the former dynasties.

Annexation to Piedmont, and

Confederation with Tuscany and the Romagna to secure a common political and military action.

It is stated in the Italian correspondence of the London *Times*, that Modena and Tuscany have signed an offensive and defensive league.

The Electoral Colleges of Modena are convoked to the 14th.

Farini, Dictator of Modena, has assembled a large force under his orders. He told Count Reiset, the French Envoy Extraordinary, that he would level Modena to the ground sooner than he would see the Duke restored by force.

The correspondence of the London *Times* thinks the Emperor of the French desires to raise up such an opposition as will render the restoration of the Duke impossible.

The rulers of Central Italy, mistrusting the lukewarmness of the Modena party, have called the red republicans to their assistance.

The rumors published yesterday that the red republicans had obtained the advantage over the friends of order in Parma, and that the Piedmontese had been driven from that city, is confirmed partially by news received from Austrian official sources.

GERMANY.

THE CONFERENCE AT ZURICH.

The following telegrams have been received:

"ZURICH, *August* 9, 1859.

"To-day the second sitting of the Conference took place. Yesterday the chief of the government of Zurich paid a visit to the members of the Conference, who assured him that they fully appreciated the strict neutrality which Switzerland has observed."

"BERNE, *August* 11, 1859.

"Yesterday there was no sitting of the Conference at Zurich. At the sitting of the day before yesterday the representative of Sardinia was not present. Baron Meysenberg has departed from Vienna.

"According to the news received from Zurich, M. de Bourqueney had to-day a conference with M. des Ambrois. At three o'clock P.M., another conference took place between M. de Bourqueney and Count Colloredo."

"ZURICH, *August* 12, 1859.

"At the diplomatic banquet to-day speeches were made by the Federal President and Vice President and by Count Colloredo.

"M. de Bourqueney has invited the diplomatic corps to a grand banquet on the 15th."

RIOTS AT FRANKFORT.

The military riots at Mayence have been followed by others of a more serious nature in the neighboring city of Frankfort, the seat of the German Federal Diet, where fighting in the streets with side-arms takes place daily. The combatants are the Prussian soldiers on the one side and the Austrian, Bavarian, and Frankfort troops on the other. This news is not very reassuring for the continuance of peace on the Continent.

The London *Star's* Frankfort-on-Maine correspondent, writing on the 8th, describes a series of fights between the Austrian, Prussian, Bavarian, and Frankfort soldiers forming the garrison. The provocation originated in the Southern Germans charging the Prussians with cowardice in refusing to assist Austria in Italy. The Northern Germans, however, had become the most riotous. The writer states that on the 8th the traffic on the bridge over the Maine was stopped, owing to the fighting. An officer and others are talked of as killed and many wounded.

MUTINY OF THE CROATS.

So bad is the financial condition of Austria that her troops in Italy are not regularly paid, and some acts of mutiny have already occurred among the Croatians on this account. Some of them, says a letter from Brescia, have been shot, and the great bulk of the force has been sent home to avoid further inconvenience. The most alarming discontent has shown itself among the Hungarians, who are daily deserting from Verona and from Mantua. These poor fellows do not yet know what fate is in store for them, *but they have decided to emigrate to America rather than trust to any amnesty which Austria can grant.*

RUSSIA.

ANOTHER GREAT TELEGRAPH.

The Russian Government has commenced the construction of the telegraph line which is to run from Moscow right across the north of Asia to the mouth of the Amoor, on the Pacific Ocean. The whole length will exceed 2600 leagues.

A project has been drawn up for continuing the line to the coast of America, which would afford great facilities for laying the cable to connect the two continents.

SPAIN.

A TELEGRAPH TO CUBA.

A decree, under the sign-manual of her Spanish Majesty, was issued July 28, conceding to Mr. Horatio Q. Perry, late Secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, the right to connect Spain and Cuba with a line of telegraph. The first article requires the cable to be laid from Cadiz, *via* the Canaries, the Cape de Verde Islands, Cape San Roque, the Coast of Brazil, Guyena, and Trinidad, to Porto Rico. Article second provides for a second cable, should the business require it. Article third confines the term of the concession, so far as the commencement of the work is concerned, to one year. Articles four, five, and six relate to the constitution of the Company and the provisory extension of the term to twenty-five years. Article seven refers to the adjustment of the tariff of charges to the several governments interested. By the eighth article the public service is to have the precedence over private correspondence. The remaining sections are purely formal.

TURKEY.

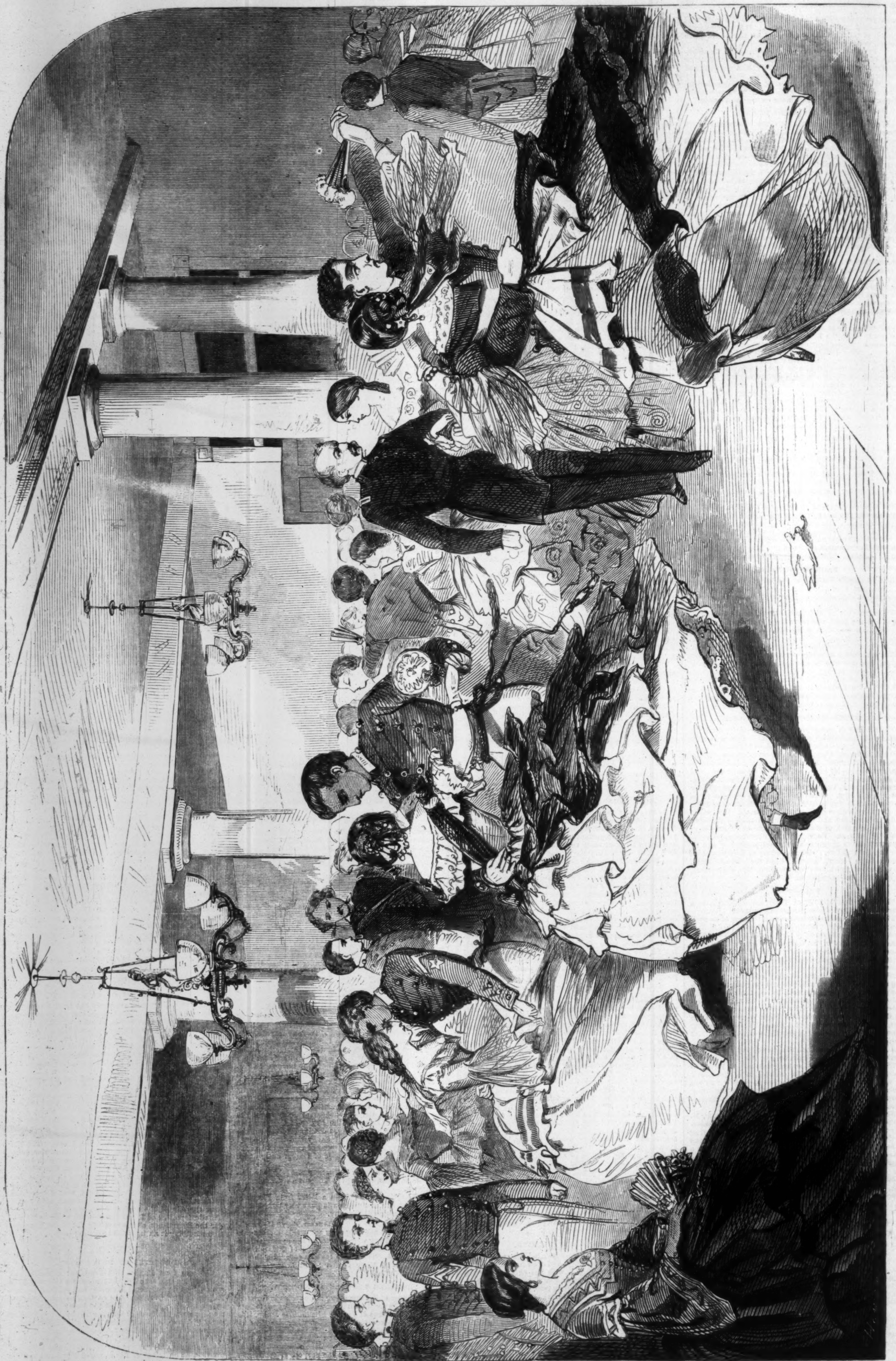
DESTRUCTION OF ERZEROUM.

Constantinople papers announce the total destruction of the city of Erzeroum by earthquakes. Erzeroum was the principal city of Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, capital of a pashalic of the same name, in a plain on the Kara Soo, or west branch of the Euphrates, 120 miles southeast of Trebizond, and 155 miles west of Mount Ararat. The population, before the Russian invasion in 1830, was estimated at 100,000; but in 1844 it was only 40,000. It was, however, regularly increasing. It was partly inclosed by a wall thirty feet high, and had an extensive citadel. The streets were narrow, filthy, and infested with dogs; the houses were mostly of mud, timber, or sun-dried bricks. The principal buildings were the Armenian and Greek churches and schools, about forty mosques, a large custom-house, and numerous khans (or caravansaries). Erzeroum had an extensive trade with all the adjacent countries, and was a chief halting-station for caravans going from Teheran and Mecca. The imports comprised shawls, silk, cotton, tobacco, rice, indigo, madder, and rhubarb, from the east; and broadcloths, chintzes, shawls, and cutlery from the west, by way of the Black Sea. Its vicinity was extremely fertile; and near it many cattle, horses, mules, and sheep were reared, which, with furs, galls, etc., formed the principal exports. Erzeroum was founded about 415, near the site of the ancient Arze, under the name of Theódosiopolis, and it was the bulwark of Armenia under the Byzantines, as it was under the Turks, its position rendering it an important military post.

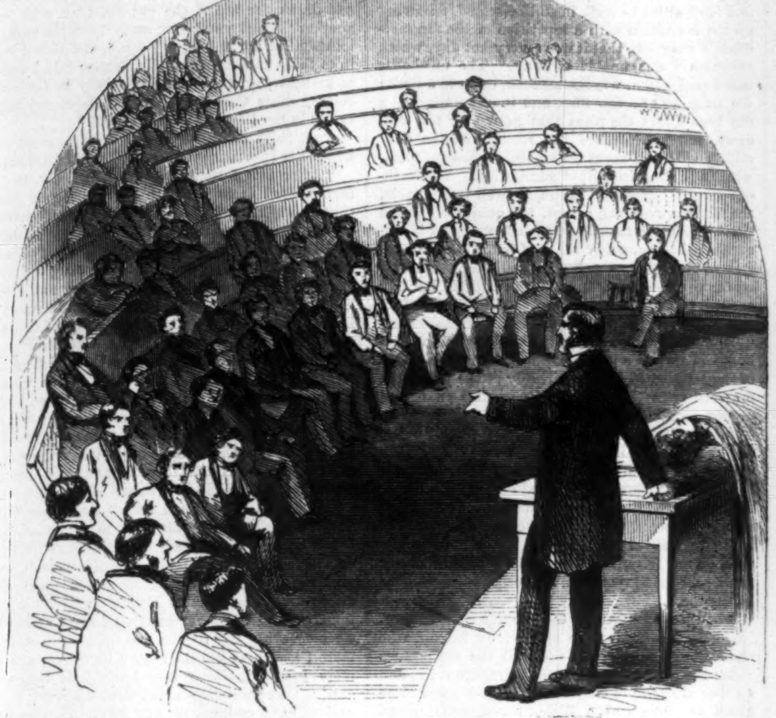
MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF REVOLUTION.

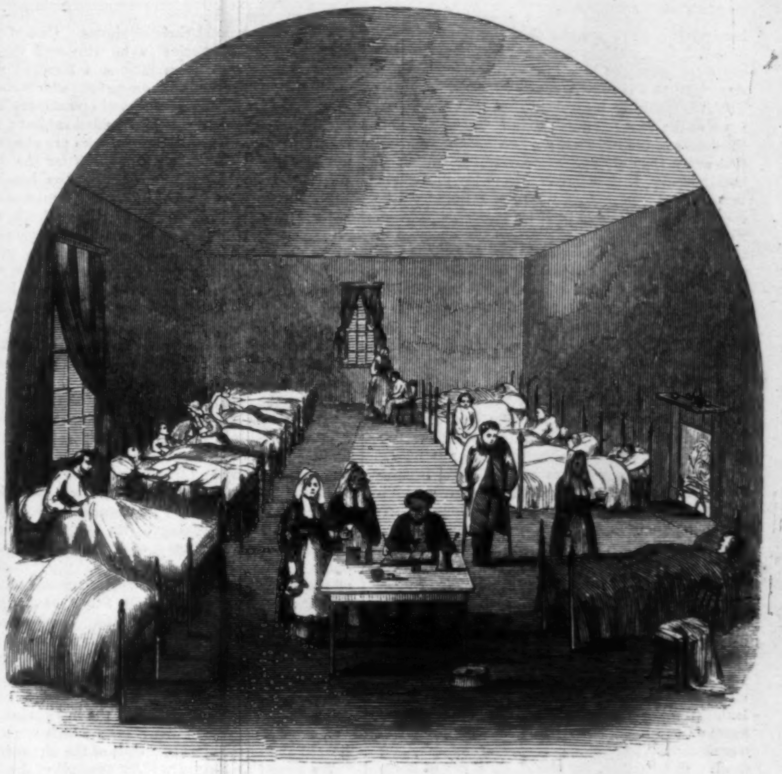
We learn from Mexico that President Miramon had dissolved his Cabinet; but the reasons for this step have not reached us. General Marquise had rebelled against Miramon's authority, and was at Guadalajara, besieged by the Liberals. General Woll had been defeated in Tamaulipas, with the loss of all his artillery. The Liberal party had been excommunicated by the Archbishop of Mexico. General Degollado had assumed command of the Liberal forces, and promised, if he could raise $3,000,000 and 40,000 men, to capture the capital by the month of October. The bonds of the matured debt had risen ten per cent. The decree against the Church property was being executed. The mails and passengers were robbed while crossing the Tehuantepec Isthmus.



A CADET HOP AT WEST POINT.



THE AMPHITHEATRE.



THE WARD.

A CADET HOP AT WEST POINT.

WE engrave herewith a Cadet Hop at West Point—a scene familiar to the happy people who spend summer days at Cozzens's at West Point.

During the summer—that is to say, from 17th June to 29th August of each year—West Point camps out and learns its trade. The boys are taught to sleep under the canopy of heaven, to dispense with all the luxuries and comforts of civilization, and to accustom themselves to the privations of actual warfare. The strictness of West Point discipline has long been proverbial; during "the encampment" it is severe indeed.

Happily the rigors of military etiquette are mitigated thrice a week by balls or hops, which are given by the cadets to their friends and the guests at Cozzens's and elsewhere in the neighborhood. These gay parties are justly famed among the fair sex; for better or more indefatigable dancers than the cadets are not to be found even in New York. Pretty girls who go to West Point to spend a few days in the bracing air, and enjoy the lovely Hudson scenery, invariably declare that they never enjoyed any ball in their life so much as the Cadet Hops.

The following gentlemen are the managers of the hops, and to them our artist desires to return thanks for the attention paid him on his professional visit:

CADETS.

Nicholas Bowen.	S. Dodson Ramseur.
John R. B. Burtwell.	John Adair, Jun.
Frank Huger.	Adelbert Ames.
Wm. G. Jones.	Nathaniel R. Chambliss.
Josiah H. Kellogg.	Campbell C. Emory.
Wesley Merritt.	Charles E. Hazlett.
Horace Porter.	Charles M'K. Leoser.

Henry W. Kingsbury.

THE NEW ORLEANS CHARITY HOSPITAL.

THE city of New Orleans claims a proud preeminence in her benevolent institutions, and in none is she more honorably represented than in the noble hospital which we have the pleasure of engraving herewith.

The New Orleans Charity Hospital is one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in the United States. Not only so, but in the liberality of its support, the commodiousness of its buildings, the systematic excellency of its curative arrangements, the number of its beneficiaries, the superior skill of its attending physicians, the admirable neatness of its domestic appliances, and the impartial catholicity of its administration, it will compare favorably with the older and more renowned establishments of England and the Continent.

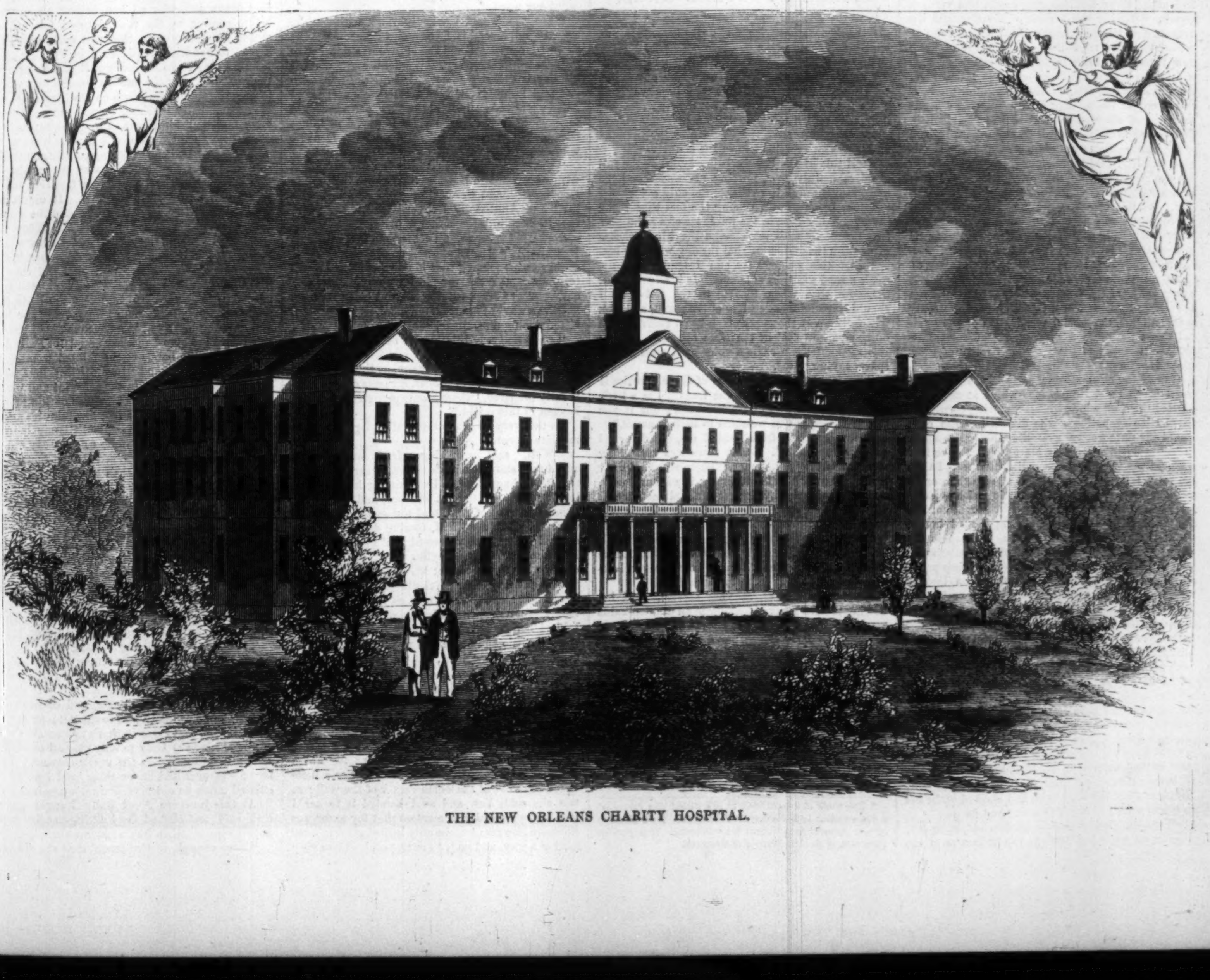
The hospital is located on Common Street, immediately contiguous to the medical colleges of the city. This statement will indicate the superior facilities enjoyed by these institutions for affording to their pupils daily the most interesting practical exemplifications of the theoretical teachings of the lecture room. Nor is it amiss to say, that whether regard be had to the ability of the Professors or to the admirable advantages offered to the pupil, there is no better place in this country than New Orleans for young men who are studying to enter the Medical profession.

The external aspect of the hospital is rather imposing. Entering by the main door-way, and looking to the right, your eye at once rests upon a neat marble tablet, embedded in the wall, bearing the following legend:

THE CHARITY HOSPITAL OF NEW ORLEANS
WAS FOUNDED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXVI BY
DON ANDRES ALMONASTER V ROXAS,
TO WHOSE GENEROUS ENDOWMENT, THE MUNIFICENCE
OF THE
LEGISLATURE OF THIS STATE,
AND THE LIBERALITY OF THE
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
THE COMMUNITY IS INDEBTED FOR THE MEANS OF
ERECTING THIS EDIFICE, BUILT
IN THE YEAR 1832,
HIS EXCELLENCY A. B. ROMAINE BEING GOVERNOR
AND EX-OFFICIO PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTION,
TO RECORD WHICH, AND INSCRIBE HEREON THE NAMES
AND CONTRIBUTIONS OF ITS DISTINGUISHED
BENEFACTORS,
THIS TABLET HAS BEEN ERECTED.

ETIENNE BORA........	$1,000
ROBERT CANNE........	$1,000
JULIEN POYDRAS, Real Estate bequeathed—estimated........	$35,000

A glance at the engraving shows the principal building to be three stories high. This part of the establishment is devoted to the care of the thousands who annually seek, in this charitable refuge, alleviation for the countless ills that afflict our frail



THE NEW ORLEANS CHARITY HOSPITAL.

humanity. Here are the sick wards, constantly crowded with patients of every age and sex, of every color, from the blue-eyed, fair-browed Anglo-American to the tawny, sun-browned child of the Tropics, speaking every language from the liquid lapse of the vowely Italian tongue to the guttural harshness of the Celestial empire. Here you will find every type of disease and every gradation of bodily injury, from a simple cold to the malignant vomito, and from the spraining of a finger to the compound comminuted fracture of the thigh-bone. Not less than *four hundred* diseases are mustered in their catalogue, each of which has its annual representatives—diseases whose formidable investiture of unpronounceable names would test the lingual lubricity of an unfledged Oxonian, and whose unimagined pangs come little short of the fabled torments of damned ghosts beyond the River Periphlegethon in the Grecian Orcus.

At the period of our visit to New Orleans, the house-surgeons, resident at the hospital, were Drs. Foster and Bickham, two gentlemen who, in the thoroughness of their training, the liberality of their views, and the urbanity of their manners, are worthy representatives of this noble institution. Availing ourselves of their courteous invitation, we were shown through the various departments. To our unaccustomed eyes the visit presented much that was thrillingly interesting. Sights of suffering and distress were there, calculated to impress stonier hearts than ours. In this ward lay a victim of unrequited love, a poor wretch with his mouth shockingly torn to pieces by a gunshot wound inflicted by his own desperate hand. Not far off groaned another miserable creature, his throat horribly mangled. Instrument, a razor; cause, his Desdemona played him foul. Walking through the passages, we could hear, on one hand, the labored breathing that announced the benumbing stupor of approaching death; on the other, the pitiful, shrill cry of keenest physical anguish. Here lay an Irish drayman stretched upon his bed, while the bristling array of splints, and cords, and bandages, and pulleys, suggested visions of inquisitorial tortures under the patronizing sanctities of the good St. Dominic or the tender St. Francis. In this ward lay an unfortunate Spanish Don, nursing the festering stump of a leg whose foot was just then gracing the private museum of some medical virtuoso. Not a stone's-throw apart you might find the flushed brow of the patient burning with fever, and the pallid face and lack-lustre eye of the poor consumptive, dying, piecemeal, away from home and friends. While all abroad to the sensitive nostril came the nauseous fetor of the sick-room, despite the scrupulous cleanliness of the establishment—such a smell as one might snuff in the last lull of a breeze coming over a distant battle-plain, or lingering among the mouldering tombs of an old cemetery, or stealing up through the paved aisles of some cloistered abbey.

Amidst these scenes of human suffering there is one sight that relieves the dark outlines of the picture. Moving noiselessly along the corridors, gliding softly around the couches of the suffering inmates, ministering to the constant needs of these unfortunate creatures, are to be found the devoted Sisters of Charity, under whose charge are placed the domestic arrangements of the institution. Day and night these faithful attendants, like visitant angels, watch by the bedside of the sick and the dying; now hearing the mumbled blasphemies of unshriven souls trembling on the verge of hell; now listening to the incoherent ravings of men whirled on in the wild frenzies of a mad delirium; anon cooling the fevered brow, soothing the restless agony of the passing spirit, receiving the last messages of affection from lips soon to be silent in death—words of love sent back from the threshold of the tomb—back over years of suffering, and sorrow, and loneliness, and shame, it may be—back, for the first time, to the unforgotten and heart-treasured friends of youth's innocency and of youth's joy. In this ceaseless routine of unostentatious charity these obscure and unknown women pursue their daily lives of self-abnegation, receiving no compensation beyond the merest subsistence. Every thing about the establishment bears traces of their unsleeping care: the well-cleaned floors, neatly sanded; the fresh, well-aired bed-clothing; the simple furniture, in the best state of matronly preservation; the careful preparation of the allotted food; the studied enforcement of solemn silence—all testify to the singular fidelity of these consecrated Sisters of Charity.

One of the most notable parts of the establishment is the Dead House, into which at night are carried the stiff, white, ghastly, staring corpses of those Charity patients who die during the day. Could the unforgotten wretches who are dragged in hither during the year start up at the call of some potent incantation, a pallid host would they be, more terrible in their grim silence than army with banners. Here they lie, rotting with syphilis and bloated with dropsy; eaten by horrid cancers and fetid with disgusting ulcers; locked in the awful rigidity of tetanic spasms, or limp in the serene composure of an easy sleep; misshapen with ugly tumors, and distorted by the sharp pangs of rheumatic disorders. Here may you look in upon them, by the sickly glare of the early gaslight, lying together, from the beardless boy to the man of eld—"crook-backed, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed." As we walked through this dismal charnel-house, nervously clutching the arm of our accomplished cicerone, Dr. ——, of the University of Louisiana, imagine our horror to see him seize an idle brush, and, with artistic twirl, slap a cross-mark upon the bare breast of a lately expired wretch, exclaiming, with the gusto of a connoisseur in dead flesh, "This is mine!" Our friend, you should know, is one of the anatomical demonstrators in the University; and from these dead bodies it is that they select their subjects for dissection. Not less than 150 are sawed and slashed up in his medical school in one season—so he told us.

We send you a sketch of the Amphitheatre, where, on each Wednesday, the professors of the medical schools hold their cliniques. One of the most exciting spectacles to be witnessed in the institution is seen when fifty or a hundred students crowd the couch of some patient who is about to undergo an important surgical operation. The trembling expectancy of the terrified subject; the nervous pallor of medical tyros, who are about to see a man's leg or arm whipped off for the first time; the careless nonchalance of the hospital *habitués*; the giant form of that veteran man of the knife, Dr. Stone, as, with cuffs thrown back, eye all ablaze, and lips firmly clinched, he prepares to make the adroit thrust; the quick prefatory whirl of the well-grasped blade; the sudden flash of polished steel; the dull, muffled sound of the yielding flesh, the spirt of the blood, the scrape of the keen edge upon the solid bone, the sharp cry of the patient, followed by the heavy moan of pain—these are the outlines of a picture that thrills and terrifies the uninitiated beholder.

Under the liberal management of the Board, the Charity is doing an immense amount of good. About twenty physicians attend upon the wards, besides twelve resident students, annually elected and supported by the Institution. Every facility is courteously afforded for testing new discoveries, either in medicine or in its cognate branches of chemistry and physiology. At the time of our visit Professor John Darby, of Alabama, was introducing his new chemical discovery, by permission of the house-surgeons, as a deodorizer and disinfectant; and by courtesy of Dr. Stone, as a therapeutic agent in the surgical wards. The Professor also exhibited his miasmometer, for detecting the amount of organic impurities in the atmosphere. From the hospitable recognition with which these discoveries were entertained we formed a high opinion of the catholic spirit of the institution, as well as of the value of the results which were indicated and of the scientific skill of the discoverer.

We close this long article by appending the following statistics for 1858, which will show that the Charity Hospital is a grand establishment:

"The admission of patients during the year were 11,337—or over thirty a day during the whole year. Of this number 9135 were males, and 2202 females. There were discharged during the same time 8923. The deaths were 2290. The *Picayune* says that, of those admitted, 1751 were born in the United States, and 9568 in foreign countries. Fifty-two males and fifty-three females were born in the hospital; eighteen were still-born.

"During the epidemic of the past summer 2727 yellow fever patients were admitted; 1331 were discharged, and 1382 died of the disease."

The "Howard Association," we may here add, is a New Orleans Institution, of the greatest usefulness in seasons of epidemic. If the experiences of some of its members could be published, they would, by their recitals of facts, throw into the shade the imaginary stories of the "Diary of a London Physician." We learn that one of the early members of this Association has now in press, to be published in a few weeks, a volume of extracts from his Diary. From what we know of the author and his labors, we are sure that his work can not fail to be of great interest and value.*

* The work above alluded to is entitled *The Diary of a Samaritan; kept during the Pestilence*. By a Member of the Howard Association, New Orleans. It is now in the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

EPHRAIM DENVER'S WARD.

FOR the sole purpose of being emphatic, I shall say the day was hot—confoundedly hot—as hot as a July sun could make it.

But then it must be known that I had gone to the country on a vacation of two weeks, and it was such a wonderfully short time that I was eager to make the most of it. It was not my way of doing things, to return to my desk without being able to show an indorser, in the shape of a well-tanned face, for a two weeks' trip in the country.

I tell this in apology for being found, in the full glare of a July day, making my way along the road, and through the village, the only evidence I can offer in extenuation being the fact that I had invested half a dime in the purchase of a palm-leaf fan, receiving with my change the kind information from the salesman, that the day was very hot.

Under this warm July sun I trudged up the road, a road guiltless of shade. Is it any wonder, therefore, that when I came to the toll-gate I should stop under the shelter of the porch, and look wishfully up at the great black-heart cherries that hung ripe and cool in the trees above? Just at this moment there came a voice as it were out of space, saying to me,

"Squire, I'd offer you some of those cherries if I knew how to get 'em off the trees. I'm a little too old for that sort of work myself; but if you like to climb, you're welcome to help yourself."

The voice came from behind me, and I turned quickly to respond. I felt there was something good and cheery in its tones. There stood a comely looking man of about sixty, rosy, in a natural way, and well enhanced by the heat; a stalwart air was with him that spoke plainly of an easy life, and a knowledge of good cooking; a quiet, comfortable bearing that said very plainly how much he felt his own importance, and how entirely satisfied he was that his physical size was only a natural accompaniment to his important position.

"Ephraim Denver, at your service," said he, bowing toward me, and looking in an unmistakable way, which said plainly, "That is my name, what is yours?" I am not disposed to wear or assume airs upon such an occasion. I hold the truth to be self-evident, that curiosity on the part of any one as to your name, business, or general antecedents, argues that they have conceived an interest in you, and in that light is highly complimentary. Acting under this belief, I informed Ephraim Denver of my name, in return for his. As the public has not shown equal curiosity, I will retain that communication. On this prompt response, which sent an apparent glow of satisfaction over the face of Ephraim Denver, he made a step or two backward, and invited me to walk in and be seated, following up the invitation with a repetition of the fan merchant's assertion, that it was a very hot day, which assertion I was unable to deny. The toll-house had a cool, clean, wholesome look, quiet to a fault; the buzzing of a few flies, and the humming of a few bees about the roses that grew over the windows, and nodded into the room, was the only sound. I looked about the ancient, well-kept room, with an ill-disguised air of admiration. The leathern covered low-seated chairs, the well waxed table, the fancy woven rag carpet, the quaint old china sitting upon the mantle-shelf, and, strangest of all, amidst all these sturdy relics of half a century ago stood a piano, not an ancient, spindle-legged instrument to correspond, but a stout-legged, bravely carved, rosewood one, that told its story of modern skill, and seemed as much out of place as an exquisite broken away from the stalls of the opera-house to assume a spade or a hoe among the tillers of the soil. I looked inquiringly at the piano, the more so from the fact that Ephraim Denver had almost identical with my entering into the room informed me without solicitation, that in this quiet, cool, and sunny little toll-house he resided with only "his old woman"—meaning Mrs. Ephraim Denver—and here he had lived all his life, and his father before him. I considered this as I looked at the rosewood piano, and wondered what Mrs. Ephraim Denver must be like, to be at once the wife of my friend of the ruddy face and portly form, and the player upon the gorgeous instrument before me.

I had not long to wait to have this curiosity satisfied, by the appearance of the lady herself, who came from a side room, with all the appearance about her of having overheard a strange voice, and no special desire to conceal her wish to know more about it. She was a little, fair-skinned, gray-haired woman, wearing spectacles, under which she looked at me as she entered the room, knitting away with a perpetual click, upon a gray woolen stocking, and speaking in a soft dozy way. There was a nice homely look about Mrs. Ephraim Denver—or, as her husband introduced her, "Aunt Sally Denver"—that at once and forever precluded the possibility of her being the performer on the rosewood piano.

I was drinking a mug of cider with Ephraim Denver, and flattered myself that I had advanced far into his good opinion by a little plain common sense, of which I soon found Uncle Ephraim possessed a goodly stock. Under this good opinion, as I thought so suddenly generated, I determined to ask the question,

"How do you happen to have that piano here?"

Uncle Ephraim looked uncommonly solemn for a moment. He gazed earnestly at the piano, then at me, and drew a long breath.

"My ward," said Uncle Ephraim, laconically.

The word "ward" did not suggest any thing to me. I thought of the 17th Ward, of which I am one of the respected dwellers. I thought of a hospital ward, of a wardrobe, and of several other equally preposterous things, none of which seemed to answer the definition, as applying to Uncle Ephraim. Under this conclusion it was, after a few moments' pause, that I repeated his words, in a tone of inquiry:

"Your ward?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Ephraim, with a smile breaking all over his face, and a glance at Aunt Sally Denver. "I and the old woman call her so—our ward in chancery. We don't know what it means; but there's no doubt it's all right."

I told Ephraim Denver I thought so too; and still I remained entirely in the dark, perhaps would so have remained to the present day, had it not been for the kind assistance of Aunt Sally Denver, who came to the rescue with,

"Uncle Ephraim has respects to a gal that lived with us a year ago last May. We both took to her wonderfully, and were mighty sorry to part with her," and Aunt Sally Denver wiped a little tear that trickled into the corner of her eye.

"The old woman, d'ye see," broke in Uncle Ephraim, "is always affected on that subject." I could not help seeing that his own eyes had a watery look. "We never did have any children of our own," and then, turning to Aunt Sally Denver, he gave a wave of his great red hand, and, as though relinquishing a privilege, said,

"Aunt Sally, tell the young man about her."

"No," said Aunt Sally; "you tell him."

"Well," said Uncle Ephraim, as though he had foreseen the result of his offer, and was consequently fully prepared, "there's some very strange things happen in this world."

To this very original asseveration I gave an immediate assent.

"Well," said he, taking a fresh mug of cider and a new start, "it is about three year come next twelfth of August, when I was sitting in that door, looking out upon the hot weather, and wondering about the want of rain, and the general effect on the crop, when I noticed, coming down the road, a nice-looking, neatly-dressed girl" (I think Uncle Ephraim had a way of saying "gal," but I consider it no liberty to correct his phraseology in that as well as many other particulars), "who, naturally enough, stopped—the same as you did yourself to-day—for a moment under the shade of the porch. I liked her looks from the very first, though she was very pale and sad looking. There was a quiet neatness about her dress, and an unassuming way generally, that, while it showed her to be a lady bred, there was no pushing of it out on every occasion to make commoner folks feel cut up about it.

"Well, she stopped under the porch, and, as a natural consequence, I asked her to sit down. She sat down accordingly, and after a minute I said to her, Would she have a mug of cider? for which she thanked me, No. Then I offered her a little water fresh out of the north corner of the well; to this she said, Yes, and as I handed it to her I took the opportunity to mention that my name was Ephraim Denver; but she only looked at me in a sad kind of a way, and said, 'Thank you.' It was very prettily said, however; and then, as soon as she had drank the water, she got right up, and, with another 'Thank you,' went away down the road. I looked after her as long as I could, and then I went in to think on it. Aunt Sally Denver said I talked more that day about the little lady in the corn-colored dress than ever I talked about any thing before in my life, and perhaps I did."

Aunt Sally Denver nodded a strong assent, and wiped her spectacles with considerable emphasis.

"After this I noticed the young lady in the corn-colored dress came through the gate three times a week, coming from the village and returning to it in about two hours. One day Colonel Ben Davis was stopping with me for a bit of talk, when who should come by but the young lady. I was sure the Colonel knew every thing and every body, and what he didn't he made it a business to know; therefore I asked him, as she tripped through with her usual nod and sad smile, who she was.

"Well, it came out from the Colonel that she was a young lady who had come to the village about a month before; that she had taken board at old Peter Parker's, and was now looking out for music scholars, though without much success, for, so far, she had only two—one in the village, and one out, where she went three times a week through my gate. The Colonel guessed she wasn't very well off; and the Colonel hadn't heard her name yet. I cogitated all this over in my mind, and didn't exactly see how my inquiries were going to do any good. Both I and the old woman were past the days of taking music lessons; and as I didn't go much around I couldn't well drum customers for her. Nevertheless, I looked at my little lady every day as she came through, and the more I looked at her the more I liked her, and the more I kept thinking how I could do her some good. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' is the saying, but I couldn't see any way. By this time the old woman had got to see her many times by peeking out under my arm, and she got about as crazy on the subject as I was myself.

"And so the thing went on for a long time, maybe a month; and at last I had determined to have a bit of talk with my little lady, and see if there was not some way to get rid of that sad, melancholy look her face always wore. I had come to the conclusion, any how, of stopping her on the next morning of her coming through, when fortune favored me so that it occurred without my doing any thing myself. It is my custom in the mornings, when perhaps there are many wagons going through, to leave the gate stand always open, and sit by to look for their coming. On that particular morning I had just laid my eyes on the little beauty traveling along the road coming toward the gate, and almost having reached it, when I heard a terrible racket from the other direction, and saw, to my horror, a horse attached to a buggy wagon, in which was seated two women, come thundering down the road. Whether it was that I was too frightened to run out myself and do what I knew ought to be done, or whether I am getting stouter as I get older, I'll leave for you to judge. I knew the gate ought to be shut, and so I bawled at the top of my voice, 'Shut the gate!' Now I knew quite well there was nobody to shut the gate, and I might just as well have spared myself bellowing that way. But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than that brave girl, whom I had noticed the moment before coming up the road, jumped forward and swung the heavy gate, that was quite enough for a man to handle, directly shut in the face of the running beast. So sudden was it, and so near was the runaway, that the sudden stop he was obliged to make brought him down on his haunches, with his nose actually touching the old gate. It would have bothered him some, I'm thinking, to have gone through those stout oak pickets even at full jump. And so, before the nag could recover himself from his astonishment I was out on him, got him by the head, and made him feel that his fun was over for that spell any how. It didn't take long for those two women to get out of the wagon; they were rather anxious to do it. They were stout, rosy people at other times, for I knew them well; but just then, you may depend upon it, they were white enough; and no sooner did they get into this room than one of them—the eldest—fainted. All this time I had forgotten my little maid who shut the gate, I was so busy tying the horse and quieting him; but in a few moments I ran into this room, and here I saw her and Aunt Sally Denver rubbing the hands of the fainted woman, and giving her camphor and all those little things, just as though they were born in the same lot and worked in team all their lives. There was nothing for me to do, so I stood still, and in a few minutes all was right again; and then I saw the little music-teacher gathering up her port-folio to go. My old woman saw this, and I observed that it made her a great deal more uneasy than she wanted to show. I knew she could manage it, so I left the matter in her hands. I saw her follow the little lady out on the porch, and though I couldn't hear what was said there were some earnest words passing; and then I saw the young lady take Aunt Sally Denver's hand, and receive in return a kiss on her cheek, as she went away.

"Well, I liked the look of that; and I don't know that I was the least surprised, when the two women were gone, that Aunt Sally Denver should come to me, and, in a kind of half whisper, say,

"'She's a-going to stop coming back, and I'm a-going to make her stay to dinner; for I don't believe the little thing gets much good to eat down there at Peter Parker's.'

"I liked the idea first-rate, and couldn't help giving the old woman a kiss to show it; for my idea was all along that Peter Parker's place wasn't much of a house for any body to stay at, and most of all such a little woman as the music-teacher. Peter never was over and above sober, and I never calculated much on old Mrs. Parker's cooking."

At this juncture Aunt Sally Denver gave a little sniff, and clicked the knitting-needles with a double stroke, much like a marine clock.

"Sure enough, in two hours' time she did come

back, and she did stop. We were both on the look-out for her, and it would have been hard for her to have got by without our seeing her. In she came accordingly; and the old woman, in her persuading way, soon had her bonnet off and a fan in her hand, while this time she didn't refuse the cider I offered, with the drops of perspiration starting out on the mug, the same as it does to-day. She drank a little from the mug, and then, looking at me, said,

"'Mr. Ephraim Denver, my—'

"'Call me Uncle Ephraim, my child,' I said, interrupting her.

"'Uncle Ephraim,' she began again, in a kind of tremulous voice, 'my name is Ella Ives. I am a widow.' And here her voice fairly choked, and I couldn't help thinking, Dear me! this little, young, childish thing a widow! 'I have been a widow four months. Please to call me Ella.' And all this she said just like some child of eight years old; and when she had finished I could see the big tears standing in her eyes. They didn't stand there long; for if there's any woman in this world that has a way of dispelling tears it's Aunt Sally Denver. It wasn't more than a quarter of an hour before she had her down at the table to dinner, and a mighty nice dinner it was; and the little thing that at first was so shy soon got to chatting away kind of natural, and I think she ate a good hearty dinner that day—much heartier than she ever ate up to old Mrs. Parker's, who only took her for what she could make by her board. My idea is that if you expect people to eat hearty you must eat hearty yourself, and not appear to mind them too much.

"I think Ella enjoyed herself some that afternoon. I know that Aunt Sally Denver and I did. The old woman and the little music-teacher got away into another room, and had a talk, I suppose over some patch-work, for an hour or two, and then when they came back I made out that as she had staid to dinner to oblige Aunt Sally Denver she must stay to tea for me. There was a good deal of excuse, but I didn't take any; and so she staid, and went home as the sun went down, looking, as I thought, much brighter than I had ever seen her before, and under an extracted promise that she would stop of her own will the next time she returned from giving her lesson.

"When our little music-teacher was gone my old woman told me all her liking, and how much she would wish to have her with her for company, and the thought exactly squared with my own; not that such a thought as a want of company had ever before come to us, but there was something in the idea of having such a little body about our quiet house that was very pleasant, and I entered into it with all my heart and soul.

"Two days after came our little lady, and I left Aunt Sally Denver to settle every thing. They were away looking over the patch-work again for over an hour, and when they came back I saw that both had been crying. So I just asked if all was right, and the old woman said it was; and I gave her a good hearty kiss, and another to the little woman, and felt very much as if I could have danced about the room, heavy as I was.

"In a very few days Ella—our Ella now—came to make the toll-house her home. We were not mistaken in our first fancy, for she was the nicest, handiest little lady that ever lived. She would insist upon taking many of the house duties off Aunt Sally Denver's hands; and there was no mistake about her knowing how things should be done. It made a sunshine in our old house it had never known before, even since the days when my brother's boys and girls were children, and would come trooping down here every Saturday to make holiday in the old home. God bless me! they are all dead now, or gone away to distant parts, growing perhaps to be old men and women themselves."

Uncle Ephraim stopped, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"And Ella?" I said.

"Ah! dear me," he resumed, "I'm afraid I am getting prosy, when I haven't reached the pith of my story yet. Well, Ella went on getting happier every day; the bloom coming back to her cheek and the smile to her face. We never questioned her about her past. We knew that when she was ready she would tell all she wanted us to know, and sure enough she did.

"Our little Ella had been brought up to believe herself rich, and to have every thing that money could bring. She was an only child, and a reputed heiress, and, of course, had flocks of admirers. Among these was Harvey Oakes; and Ella loved him very much—how much her action will tell. Harvey was engaged in business, in partnership with his brother, and the firm of Harvey & Walter Oakes stood very high. As high as the firm stood in business, still higher stood Harvey Oakes socially; his presence was sought for every where, and his addition to any circle made it a success. Well, every body said, when it was known that Ella was engaged to Harvey Oakes, that it was a fine thing for her; but I think that if he had been a king upon his throne Ella was good enough for him, and pretty enough too. They were to be married in the spring, for then Ella would be eighteen; but just one month before the time set for the marriage, almost in the height of the preparation, there was a rush, and a whirl, and some screaming, and hurrying backward and forward in her stately home, and in a few minutes it was announced that Joshua Howard, the rich merchant, the father of Ella, was dead—stricken down in a moment, in his own grandly furnished parlors, with apoplexy—and before the day came on which the marriage would have taken place, had Joshua Howard lived, the poor girl knew that she and her mother were penniless; that her father had died bankrupt, and every pennyworth of property he had would not pay his debts.

"It was then that Harvey came out for a noble fellow, as he was. It was then he showed that he sought Ella for herself, and yielded reluctantly to the delay for which she begged on account of her father's death. Ah! you should have heard Ella tell this, the dear little thing, crying all the while. He seemed to think it more necessary that the marriage should go on—now that she was without a father's protection, she needed a husband's. And I don't think he was far from right. However, neither Ella nor her mother yielded to him, and the marriage was put off for six months. Was it ever known that misfortunes fall singly? The proverb says not; and our poor little Ella was only another instance. Scarcely three months after the death of her father, Ella was raving with a brain fever, while the firm of Harvey & Walter Oakes was in the dust; Walter a fugitive from justice; and Harvey a disgraced felon in a prison, with a vast amount of illegitimate and forged obligations hanging over him.

"When Ella was conscious again, they told her all that had transpired since the first shock came. How Walter Oakes had got away, as it was believed, to South America. How Harvey was still in prison, and nothing could save him from disgraceful punishment but full payment, which would keep the creditors from criminally prosecuting him, and which was an utter impossibility, as they had already taken possession of every thing, and he had not even enough to fee counsel. You may be sure our Ella was not the one to sit down despondingly. She who could shut the gate before the nose of the runaway horse wasn't disposed to be quiet when there was any thing to be done for that man—guilty or not guilty. She had soon informed herself of how matters stood, and what amount would release him; but it was so far beyond all her wildest hopes that she surrendered every dream of aiding him.

"Among the suitors of the olden time who came to Ella when Joshua Howard was the rich merchant, and Ella the heiress, was Robert Hilton Ives. She thought of him as few would think of a discarded suitor; she knew him as a proud, haughty man of the world, who was sufficiently wealthy himself to have sought her, irregardless of her own. He was not young, and had not in his wife-seeking ventured on any love-making. He fancied Ella, thought she would make an excellent mistress for his fine house, and thinking so, made a bid for her, was refused, and withdrew very respectfully with a sound heart, telling her that if ever she wanted a friend in any thing let her come to him. It was to this man Ella went in her great distress. He received her calmly, heard all her desires, and treating it as a mere matter of business, bade her return home, and at a certain hour the next day he would call upon her, and give his answer as to what could be done. A gleam of hope shot through Ella's heart at the words of this cold, heartless man of money. Hope for the felon lover, but none for herself. The next day, at the exact appointed hour, came Robert Hilton Ives. He had looked, he said, closely into the affairs of Harvey & Walter Oakes, and knew exactly on what terms Mr. Oakes could obtain his liberty. They were, the payment of his liabilities, and a pledge that he would leave the country forever. The first of these would require nearly fifty thousand dollars, and the second of the conditions Harvey Oakes refused to subscribe to on any terms whatever; and then Mr. Robert Ives, looking Ella full in the face, said:

"'Should he obtain his liberty, is it your intention, Miss Howard, to become his wife?'

"There was not a moment's hesitation about Ella's answer. She knew that for her Harvey Oakes was dead. Lost, without the aid of the man who stood before her; and well she knew that aid would not be extended did he believe that her love would allow her to join her fate to the man who was held by all as covered with guilt. Under this knowledge it was that Ella answered, promptly:

"'No! I will not marry him.'

"'Then, Miss Howard, I will consent to pay Harvey Oakes's debts, and obtain his freedom on one condition.'

"A shiver ran over Ella as he spoke the word; she knew well what was coming; but to save Harvey she had determined to do all things, even though it were a surrender of life. She therefore only told him to name his condition.

"'The condition, Miss Howard, is your hand. The great sum necessary to save Mr. Harvey Oakes shall be your settlement, for which I expect you to assign your dower-right, leaving your provision after my death subject to my will.'

"Now wasn't that a beautiful cold-blooded proposition? You may well nod your head to that. And oh! that poor, little, friendless, loving thing, who, to save the man she loved, sacrificed herself—a sacrifice for which she had no requital save in her own dear beautiful heart. Yes! she married him; and Harvey Oakes was liberated from prison without knowing the hand that did it. He was liberated to come before the white-faced bride as she stood at the altar, and curse her; to tear from his heart, where it had lain during all his peril, her miniature, and grind it under his heel upon the marble floor; to be removed by force; and for many months to be a helpless madman. It isn't only women that go mad for love, though Mr. Shakspeare does say that men don't die from that complaint.

"All this came wonderful hard to poor Ella, but she lived—though I don't see how the poor thing did, either. For one year she was a wife—a quiet, obedient wife—and in all things that wealth and station could give she was gratified. Mr. Robert Hilton Ives was satisfied with his bargain; he had bought her, but had made no agreement for her love, and did not expect it.

"One day Mr. Robert Hilton Ives had business that called him to a distant city. The next, a telegraphic dispatch informed Ella that she was a widow, her husband having been killed by a railroad accident, with many others. In one week the body of Mr. Robert Hilton Ives was laid in the family tomb, and his widow was informed that, he having died without a will, the heirs—whom she had never seen, and who were unrecognized by the man whose wealth they sought—wished her to seek some other residence at her earliest convenience.

"Poor Ella, a widow at twenty, found herself suddenly turned from her home, without friends, money, or hope. There was one last drop to come yet. Her mother, to whom Ella had always looked for advice and guidance, sank under the weight of her calamity, and the month that made Ella a widow saw her also an orphan. This was she who came to our little village to seek among strangers the sympathy that had been denied her among those who had known her from childhood. This was our little music-teacher; she who had been chastened by every sorrow, and cast down from the highest, to be left alone to toil for a poor pittance that she might find bread. And oh, how glad we were that we had found her, and got her there safely in the snug home that had been given us!

"And so, Sir, d'ye see, that's the way we come to have the piano. The Lord has blessed me with plenty, and the price of that piano didn't hurt me much. It wouldn't have hurt me much to have bought more of 'em, for that matter, if she'd have wanted 'em. There was nothing too good for our Ella, my ward, as I called her."

The old man rested his head on his hand, and took a long pull at the cider-mug, but I was just as much in the dark as ever. Was this little paragon of a music-teacher dead or living? If the latter, where? With the view of elucidating this I said as before, inquiringly,

"And Ella?"

"Ah, well, I see I'm getting prosy again. Well, Ella grew happier and happier, and prettier and prettier every day, and had been with us nigh on to a year and a half, when one day, as I came into the house after taking a walk down the road a piece, I saw a strange sight. The first thing that caught my eye as I entered was Aunt Sally Denver, with her spectacles all awry, and her mouth wide open, standing in yonder door-way staring across the room. I followed the direction of her eyes, and there I saw a tall, good-looking man, on his knees to our Ella, holding her hand, covering it with kisses, and saying, over and over again, the word, 'Forgive!' Ella was as white as marble, and I could not for the life of me make out what he might have done for which he wanted forgiveness. I was not to remain long in the dark, for I soon found that this good-looking fellow was no other than Mr. Harvey Oakes, and that he, after some months of searching, had just found out Ella, to tell her of his restoration to honor, to say that all her nobleness and generosity had been found out, and to prostrate himself before her and plead for forgiveness from the woman who had met worse than death for him.

"Harvey Oakes had refused to leave the city where all his troubles had their birth. He relied on the promise which said the righteous shall not be condemned. He therefore waited and bided his time. At the time of his liberation he sought to find out from whence the money came that silenced his creditors, but was unsuccessful in all his inquiries. At last, in his own mind, he attributed it to the guilty brother. In spite of the blackness that hung over his name, Harvey Oakes forced himself into business, and was successful. As he met success the world came back, and more wealth flowed in to him. One day came a packet from the State Department. His brother had died in a city of South America, leaving a large part of the embezzled funds, and more that he had made there by successful speculation, and with this, what was dearer than all, a full confession of guilt, that took the weight from Harvey Oakes to place it where it justly belonged. With his returned wealth and reputation he received from his former creditors the information that gradually led him to the knowledge of how that dear little Ella had, to save him, lost herself. Since that knowledge came to him, night and day he sought her, and at last found her at the old toll-house.

"And so you see our Ella is still alive, and very happy. Last spring was a year she was married in this room, and is now Mrs. Harvey Oakes. There's a little Ephraim Denver Oakes, too, that I think will be apt to come in for his old godfather's savings. What d'ye say, old woman? They spend about half their time in the old toll-house, and I think if this hot spell holds, we'll be apt to see my ward and the boy along soon. You must drop in and see 'em when they come. God bless you! Good-by!"

THE AGE OF STEAM.

BY BEN. F. SLOCUMB.

All the world is in commotion
With the wondrous locomotion
Of this puffing, steaming age—
From the giant steamer's snorting
And the rail-car's wild cavorting
To the rattling country stage,
All is rumbling, tumbling, dashing,
Panting, groaning, heaving, splashing,
And in fidgety *qui vive*—
Waking, shaking all creation
Is this nervous Yankee nation,
Making huge the blusteration
Of the age in which we live!

Ay, in wonderful commotion
Is this age of locomotion,
Like a caldron, bubbling, boiling,
With its busy millions toiling,
Rushing headlong for the dimes;
Bankers, hucksters, merchants, tailors,
Lawyers, doctors, printers, sailors,
Office-seekers, politicians,
Poets, painters, and musicians,
All competing for the dimes;
On the land, upon the ocean,
Rages ever the commotion,
This absorbing "Yankee notion,"
Always hunting for the dimes,
Which we hoard up in our coffers,
Till some splendid bargain offers
In the tightness of the times,
When, perchance, amid the pressure,
We may step in with our treasure
And buy up a goodly measure
Of the world's estates and pleasure
With our magic silver dimes!

Oh, how few who thus are dashing,
Sometimes building, sometimes smashing,
Ever for a moment think
Of aught else in life but dollars,
But of dollars, dollars, dollars,
Of the potent, solid chink!
Ah, they heed not ocean-breakers,
Nor the signs of coffin-makers—
Never dream they of disasters,
Nor of doctors' pills and plasters,
Never of the shroud and grave!
"Still achieving, still pursuing,"
Like an ardent lover wooing,
Onward over land and wave,
Do they ever hear the crying
Of the weary, sick, and dying,
Who some little pittance crave?
No, alas! the cry of sorrow
Is deferred until to-morrow—
Now they have too many cares—
And these sounds of human wailing
Are discordant, like the railing
Of lost spirits to their ears!

Scarce a man in our Samaria
But will shun the sad malaria
Which is rank in beggar's rags!
"Never mind the poor man's falling,
Sure his poverty's appalling,
And not in *our* line or calling,"
Quoth the money-making wags!
"Time enough to think of charity,
Of that deed of greatest rarity,
When we've garnered up our store."
So they rush on with their steaming,
Driving, striving, pushing, teeming,
Buying, selling, cheating, robbing,
Thimble-rigging and stock-jobbing,
Searching for the golden ore—
But they reck not in their dreaming
Of a *future* which is gleaming
(Though to them not so in seeming)
On "the dark Plutonian shore!"
There they may hear weeping, gnashing,
There may feel a conscience lashing,
That they never felt before!

Oh, this madd'ning money-mania
Which pervades the human crania,
This corroding, burning passion,
Which is never out of fashion,
And in folly makes us dash on,
Heeding nothing save of self!
How it manacles and loads us,
How it burns and sears and goads us,
Till the fitful dream is over,
Till upon the grave we hover,
And in agony discover
Of how little worth is pelf!
But this age of locomotion
Can not wait for an emotion
Not accordant with the times!
They, forsooth, are silly croakers,
Or at best but idle jokers,
Who applaud not money-brokers—
Who have *higher* aspirations
Than the markets and quotations,
Or the tinkling of the dimes!

MORE REAL GHOSTS.

III.

The two instances of simple vision resulting from thought-impressing at the moment of death, which I am about to bring before the reader, were related to me by an undeniable witness. They were told me by the Rev. W. W——n, mathematical tutor at one of the Cambridge colleges: a man of talent, and of undoubtedly hard brains, and the author of many mathematical works.

Number One happened to the aforesaid Professor himself.

"One night I was lying in my little bed. It was winter. The fire cast a bright light all over the room. I had not long been in bed: I had not been asleep. Indeed, I know that I was at that moment as wide awake as I am now. Suddenly, though I neither saw nor heard the door open, I saw Lady M—— quite distinctly, advancing as if from the door toward my bed. She was dressed in a white wrapper. The fire shone upon her face. I never doubted that it was herself. Stretching out my arms, I cried, 'Oh! Lady M——, are you indeed come once more to see your little prince?'—her favorite name for me. But she did not answer a word. She came on to within a certain distance of my bed, then stood still, and looked upon me with such an intense expression of kind affection that I never saw equaled. Then, somehow, I can hardly tell in what manner, she seemed to retreat from me, and, as it were, to go out through the wall. She was gone. But I did not feel frightened. I supposed that Lady M——, having come, as she sometimes did, to my room, to see I had every thing comfortable, had feared to disturb me by speaking, and so had gone out quietly somehow by the door, or a door, of course. So I fell asleep, greatly comforted and pleased by having seen Lady M——.

"The next morning there was a mixture of silence and mysterious sound in the house. Strange persons crept about. I was hindered from going near the door of Lady M——'s chamber. At last

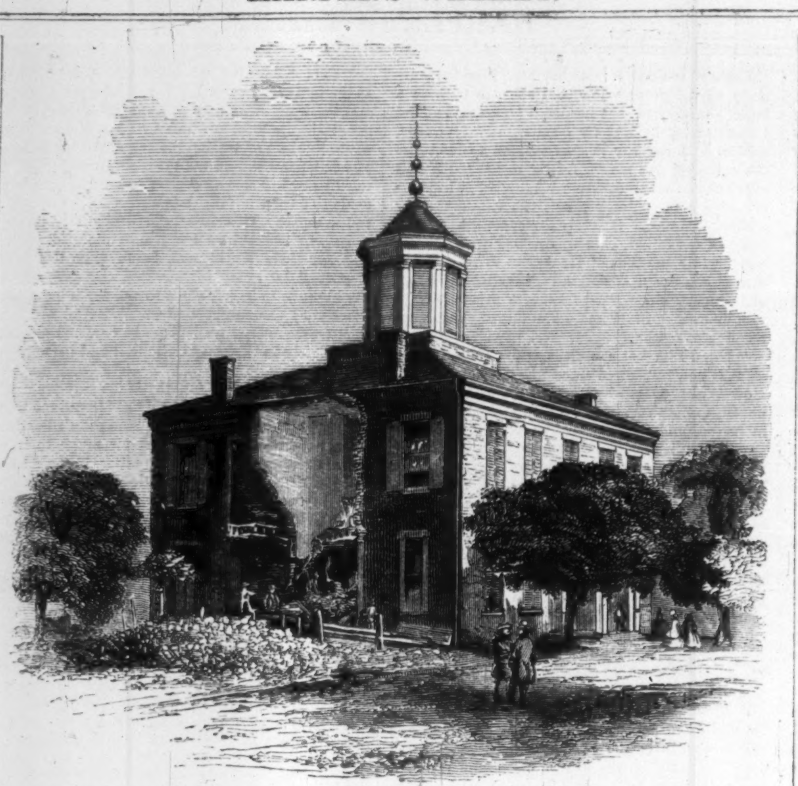
I was told—in answer to my reiterated entreaties that I should see Lady M——, for she was now well, I said (had she not come herself to my room the preceding night?)—that Lady M—— was dead—had expired at the very moment (as far as could be ascertained) when I had seen her, the evening before, come to my bedside and look at me so yearningly."

I, of course, asked the Professor if, by possibility, Lady M—— (unwatched during that moment) might *really* (as in the case of some other supposed spectre) have come to his bedside, and returned to die in her own room? The Professor declared that such a thing was impossible, for Lady M——'s own mother, knowing her daughter's moments were numbered, had never left the sick-bed for a single moment, and in her arms the poor patient breathed her last, at the identical time when the appearance visited Mr. W——n.

The second story told me by mathematical Reverend W——n, runs thus:

At St. John's College, Cambridge, was a professor of the name of Fallowes, ci-devant senior wrangler, "a rosy man right plump to see." He was an especial friend of Mr. W——n, who was in the habit of seeing him constantly. One morning calling upon him, Mr. W——n found his friend in his dressing-gown at a later hour than usual, reclining on his sofa, and looking pale and dispirited. To continue in the words of Mr. W——n: "I asked Fallowes, 'What is the matter with you? Are you ill?' 'No! I am not ill.' I rallied him on his despondency, and entreated him to tell me the cause. He said, 'You will laugh at me if I tell you.' I assured him, I promised him, that I would not. At length, after much pressing, he said, 'If ever I saw any one, I saw my friend M—— last night at the foot of my bed.' 'Why,' replied I, 'he is in Scotland.' 'I know it!' said Fallowes, 'and that is the wonder of it, and the horrible thing. For he appeared to me with dripping hair, and swollen features, and with all the appearance of a drowned corpse. And I can not get it out of my head that something has happened to him.' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'you have only had a horrible dream, and be sure nothing will come of it.' However, do all I could, I found it impossible to remove the impression from Fallowes's mind. For days he continued melancholy, and at length one morning he put a letter into my hands with merely these words: 'You see I was right!' The letter was to narrate that on the very night when Fallowes had received the impression his friend had been drowned in crossing a ford in Scotland."

Many of my contemporaries at Cambridge will remember that portions and distortions of this story (of which I now give the correct version) were dimly bruited about, and that it was reported (which was the truth) that Fallowes could never endure to be interrogated on the subject. They will also bear witness that Fallowes did not look like a man addicted to seeing ghosts.



EXPLOSION AT THE PORT GIBSON COURT-HOUSE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

A GUNPOWDER PLOT AT PORT GIBSON, MISSISSIPPI.

AN attentive correspondent enables us to publish the accompanying engraving of the partial destruction of the Claiborne County Court-House at Port Gibson, Mississippi, by an explosion of gunpowder. The deed was done by some burglar, for the sake of the money contained in the sheriff's vault. We take from the *Reveille* (Port Gibson) the following account of the scene:

"The sleepers of our quiet village were startled yesterday morning about twenty-five minutes to four o'clock, by a terrible explosion, which jarred houses and rattled windows for a quarter of a mile around. It was discovered that the court-house had been blown open with gunpowder, in an attempt possibly to examine and secure the contents of the sheriff's vault. On visiting this scene of destruction, we found upon examination that about twenty feet of the southern wall, about midway between the two corners, were completely down from the roof to the foundation, blown front and back, filling the passage with rubbish.

"The vault led out of the sheriff's office under the stone stairway; this vault was about eight feet deep and three and a half wide, and in it, built around with solid masonry, were two iron safes, nothing of them visible but the doors; the first one was comparatively useless, the second one was good, and generally contained what money was in the hands of the officers. This was the place, evidently, where the powder and the match were applied; and what is stranger still, the inside of this safe, the good one, shows signs, and the manner of the explosion, induces the belief of every mind that the powder was placed in the inside of it. The back of the safe was shattered to pieces, the masonry and heavy stone stairway leading up immediately behind it, and what separates the vault from the hall of the building, are entirely shattered into fragments, piling them in great confusion over the hall floor. The vault door, a strong iron one, was thrown some distance, the rivets snapped, and the door itself almost bent double. This door was locked and bolted at the moment of the explosion; the bolts showing the fact as they now appear, and the safe must also have been locked, for we hear that it contained from $8000 to $10,000.

"We understand that some few pieces of a stone jug were found near the safe, showing strong marks of powder, and it is supposed by many that this jug contained the terrible demon that, all unconscious of its power, has caused this wholesale destruction."

THE TOWN OF ZURICH.

WE give herewith an engraving of the town of Zurich in Switzerland, where the peace plenipotentiaries are now settling the future of Italy, and the condition of continental Europe. It is, as the engraving shows, a pretty, old-fashioned Swiss town. It is the chief town of the Canton of the same name, and is pleasantly situated at the northwest extremity of the Lake of Zurich. The city is divided by the river Limmat into two nearly equal parts, of which that on the right bank is called the Grosse Stadt, and the other the Kleine Stadt. Zurich is the Athens of German Switzerland; many valuable books have proceeded from its presses, and it can boast of having given birth to many distinguished men of learning. It is a thriving, busy town, one of the most commercial and industrious of all Switzerland, and may be ranked in this respect with Geneva, Basle, and St. Gall. The population of the town amounts to about 15,000. Zurich is historically remarkable as the place where the Reformation commenced in Switzerland, under the guidance and preaching of Ulrich Zwingli, in 1519; and the first entire English version of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, was printed here in 1583. Many English Protestants, banished by the persecutions of the reign of Queen Mary, found in this town a cordial reception during their exile.

One of the most pleasing features about Zurich is its promenades and points of view. One of the best of them is an elevated mound, once forming part of the ramparts, and called Cat's Bastion, now included in the New Botanical Garden, which is prettily laid out in walks and shrubberies, and opened to the public without restriction—a privilege not abused. It commands a delightful view of the town and lake, and of the distant Alps. Nothing can be more delightful than the view at sunset from this point, extending over the smiling and populous shores of the beautiful lake to the distant peaks and glaciers of the Alps of Glarus, Uri, and Schwytz, tinged with the most delicate pink by the sinking rays. The most prominent and interesting of the Alpine peaks seen from this, beginning at the east, are the Sentis in Appenzell, Glarnish Dodi, Klariden in Glarus, Achsenburg, Rossberg, and Uri Rothstock. This is the place, "On the margin of fair Zurich waters," where the peace of Europe is to be secured for a few years.

ZURICH, THE PLACE WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE MEETS.

AT THE ROUND TABLE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AT THE ROUND TABLE.

AFTER the events which have been narrated it was clearly unnecessary for Hope Wayne to ask any explanations of her Cousin Alfred in regard to the report of their engagement. She felt instinctively that he had been made somehow a tool of Fanny Newt's, and now that they were actually married, Hope could not help pitying her simple, good-humored cousin, and regretting the badinage in which she had told Fanny at Saratoga that she would congratulate Alfred when she heard of his engagement to Fanny.

Mrs. Dinks had notified Hope that she was going home. That lady was satisfied by her conversation with Mrs. Newt that it would be useless for her to see Mr. Newt—that it was one of the cases in which facts and events plead much more persuasively than words. She was sure the rich merchant would not allow his daughter to suffer. Fathers do so in novels, thought she. Of course they do, for it is necessary to the interest of the story. And old Van Boozenberg does in life, thought she. Of course he does. But he is an illiterate, vulgar, hard old brute. Mr. Newt is of another kind. She had herself read his name as director of at least seven different associations for doing good to men and women. She had also read the sermon upon Christianity in Commerce which Mr. Newt had persuaded Dr. Maundy to publish.

"If a New York merchant, of wealth and respectability," said Mrs. Dinks to Hope, "who comes of a fine old family, and whose name is conspicuous in Christian enterprises, can not be depended upon to do justice and love mercy, who can? Yes, who can? Shall I believe that his fine professions are only a prospectus printed in gilt to help his business? that he regards Christian character as a mere capital useful in Pearl Street?"

Perhaps Mrs. Dinks privately thought that some people might take that view. But she wanted to comfort herself by stating strongly another which was certainly possible.

A year before Hope would have been entirely of her aunt's opinion. Now, she merely bowed, and looked sober. For Hope Wayne had changed in these few months quite as deeply as her letter to Mrs. Simcoe implied. At the meetings of the Round Table she defended Lord Byron with less and less ardor. As her life had become real, as her character had developed under various influences, the romantic girl had passed into the thoughtful woman. Yet all the sharp surprises and discoveries and disappointments had not embittered her. The sound tree firmly rooted, through tempest, and dog-day heat, and deadly cold, grows on and on: adds new rings of strength to its trunk, new leaves of grace to its branches: every year hangs out more blossoms in the summer air, and reddens every autumn with richer fruit.

Mrs. Dinks still delayed her departure. She knew that there was no reason for her staying, but she staid. She loved her son dearly. She was unwilling to leave him while his future was so dismally uncertain; and every week she informed Hope that she was on the point of going.

Hope Wayne was not sorry to remain. Perhaps she also had her purposes. At Saratoga, in the previous summer, Arthur Merlin had remarked her incessant restlessness, and had connected it with the picture and the likeness of somebody. But when, in New York, he cleared up the mystery and resolved who the somebody was, to his great surprise he observed at the same time that the restlessness of Hope Wayne was gone. From the months of seclusion which she had imposed upon herself he saw that she emerged older, calmer, and lovelier than he had ever seen her. The calmness was, indeed, a little unnatural. To his sensitive eye—for, as he said to Lawrence Newt, in explanation of his close observation, it is wonderful how sensitive an exclusive devotion to any art will make any eye—to his eye the calmness was still too calm as the gayety had been too gay.

In the solitude of his studio, as he drew many pictures upon the canvas, and sang, and smoked, and scuffled across the floor to survey his work from a little distance — and studied its progress through his open fist —or as he lay sprawling upon his lounge in a cotton velvet Italian coat, illimitably be-frogged and be-buttoned—and puffed profusely, following the intervolving smoke with his eye—his meditations were always the same. He was always thinking of Hope Wayne, and befooling himself with that mask of art, actually hiding himself from himself: and not perceiving that when a man's sole thought by day and night is a certain woman, and an endless speculation about the quality of her feeling for another man, he is simply a lover thinking of his mistress and a rival.

Arthur Merlin worked away, and congratulated himself that he had escaped falling in love. Whenever he spoke of his mistress to his friend Lawrence it was always from the point of view of art; at which Lawrence smiled and was profoundly glad, because, notwithstanding his skepticism at Delmonico's, he was now very confident that, while Arthur Merlin talked of Hope Wayne as an artist, he loved her as a woman.

The infatuated fellow suddenly became a great favorite in society. He could not tell why. Indeed there was no other secret than that he was a very pleasant young gentleman who made himself agreeable to young women, because he wished to know them and to paint them—not, as he wickedly told Lawrence Newt, who winked and did not believe a word of it, because the human being is the noblest subject of art, but only because he wished to show himself by actual experience how much more charming in character, and sprightly in intelligence, and beautiful in person and manner, Hope Wayne was than all other young women.

He proved that important point to his perfect satisfaction. He punctually attended every meeting of the Round Table, that he might lose no opportunity of pursuing the study. He found Hope Wayne always friendly and generous. She frankly owned that he had shown her many charming things in poetry that she had not known, and had helped her to form juster opinions. It was natural she should think it was Arthur who had helped her. She did not know that it was a very different person who had done the work—a person whose name was Abel Newt. For it was her changing character—changing in consequence of her acquaintance with Abel, which modified her opinions; and Arthur arrived upon her horizon at the moment of the change.

She was always friendly and generous with him. But somehow he could not divest himself of the idea that she must be the Diana of his great picture. There was an indescribable coolness and remoteness about her. Has it any thing to do with that confounded picture, and that—equally confounded Abel Newt? thought he.

For the conversation at the Round Table sometimes fell upon Abel.

"He is certainly a handsome fellow," said Amy Waring. "I don't wonder at his success."

"It's beauty that does it, then, Miss Waring?" asked Arthur.

"Does what?" said she.

"Why, that gives what you call social success."

"Oh! I mean that I don't wonder such a handsome, bright, graceful, accomplished young man, who lives in fine style, drives pretty horses, and knows every body, should be a great favorite with the girls and their mothers. Don't you see, Abel Newt is a sort of Alcibiades?"

Lawrence Newt laughed.

"You don't mean Pelham?" said he.

"No, for he has sense enough to conceal the coxcomb. But you ought to know your own nephew, Mr. Newt," answered Amy.

"Perhaps; but I have a very slight acquaintance with him," said Mr. Newt.

"I don't exactly like him," said Arthur Merlin, with perfect candor.

"I didn't know you knew him," replied Amy, looking up.

Arthur blushed, for he did not personally know him; but he felt as if he did, so that he unwittingly spoke so.

"No, no," said he, hastily; "I don't know him, I believe, but I know about him."

As he said this he looked at Hope Wayne, who had been sitting, working, in perfect silence. At the same moment she raised her eyes to his inquiringly.

"I mean," said Arthur, quite confused, "that I don't—somehow—that is to say, you know, there's a sort of impression you get about people—"

Lawrence Newt interposed—

"I suppose that Arthur doesn't like Abel for the same reason that oil doesn't like water; for the same reason that you, Miss Amy, and Miss Wayne, would probably not like such a man."

Arthur Merlin looked fixedly at Hope Wayne.

"What kind of man is Mr. Newt?" asked Hope, faintly coloring. She was trying herself.

"Don't you know him?" asked Arthur, abruptly and keenly.

"Yes," replied Hope, as she worked on, only a little more rapidly.

"Well, what kind of man do you think him to be?" continued Arthur, nervously.

"That is not the question," answered Hope, calmly.

Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring looked on during this little conversation. They both wanted Hope to love Arthur. They both doubted how Abel might impress her. Lawrence Newt had not carelessly said that neither Amy nor Hope would probably like Abel.

"Miss Hope is right, Arthur," said he. "She asks what kind of man my nephew is. He is a brilliant man—a fascinating man."

"So was Colonel Burr," said Hope Wayne, without looking up.

"Exactly, Miss Hope. You have mentioned the reason why neither you nor Amy would like my nephew."

Hope and Amy understood. Arthur Merlin was bewildered.

"I don't quite understand," said he; "I am such a great fool."

Nobody spoke.

"I am sorry for that poor little Grace Plumer," Lawrence Newt gravely said.

"Don't you be troubled about little Grace Plumer. She can take proper care of herself," answered Arthur, merrily.

Hope Wayne's busy fingers did not stop. She remembered Miss Grace Plumer, and she did not agree with Arthur Merlin. Hope thought that Grace was a boarding-school butterfly, and she knew the voice, the manner, the magnetism to which the gay girl was exposed.

"Since the Plumers came," said Lawrence, "Mr. Louis Wilkottle has returned to his allegiance. Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut is not unattended although Mr. Abel accompanies Miss Grace. If Mr. Godefroi Plumer is really as rich as I hear, I think we shall have a Mrs. Abel Newt in the autumn. Poor Mrs. Abel Newt!"

He shook his head with that look, mingled of feeling and irony, which was very perplexing. The tone in which he spoke was really so full of tenderness for the girl that Hope, who heard every word and felt every tone, was sure that Lawrence Newt pitied the prospective bride sincerely.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Newt, and Miss Wayne," said Arthur Merlin; "but how can a man have a high respect for women when he sees his sister do what Fanny Newt has done?"

"Why should a man complain that his sister does precisely what he is trying to do himself?" asked Lawrence. "They are my brother's children. If they were mine, I would rather lay them in their graves to-morrow than trust the chances of the future."

Every word sank into the soul of Hope Wayne. Every word helped her to understand Abel Newt.

CHAPTER L.

A LITTLE DINNER.

IT was summer, but still Mrs. Dinks lingered. When she had told her husband of Alfred's marriage, the Honorable Budlong said it was a great pity, but that it all came of the foolish fondness of the boy's mother; that nothing was more absurd than for mothers to be eternally coddling their children. Although who would have attended to Mr. Alfred if his mother had not, the unemployed statesman forgot to state, notwithstanding that he had just written a letter upon public affairs, in which he eloquently remarked that he had no aspiration for public life; but that, afar from the turmoils of political strife, his modest ambition was satisfied in the performance of the sweet duties which the wise Creator, who has set the children of men in families, has imposed upon all parents.

"However," said he, "Mr. Newt is a wealthy merchant. It's all right, my dear! Women, and especially mothers, are peculiarly silly at such times. Endeavor, Mrs. Dinks, to keep the absurdity—which, of course, you will not be able to suppress altogether—within bounds. Try to control your nerves, and rely upon Providence."

Therewith the statesman stroked his wife's chin. He controlled his own nerves perfectly, and went to dress for dinner with a select party at General Belch's, in honor of the Honorable B. J. Ele, who, in his capacity as representative in Washington, had ground an axe for his friend the General. Therefore, when the cloth was removed, the General rose and said: "I know that we are only a party of friends, but I can not help indulging my feelings, and gratifying yours, by proposing the health of our distinguished, able, and high-minded representative, whose Congressional career proves that there is no office in the gift of a free and happy people to which he may not legitimately aspire. I have the honor and pleasure to propose, with three times three, the Honorable Barabbas Jawley Ele."

The Honorable Budlong Dinks led off in gravely pounding the table with his fork; and when the rattle of knives and forks and spoons and glasses had subsided, and when Major Scuppernong, of North Carolina—who had dined very freely, and was not strictly following the order of events, but cried out in a loud voice in the midst of the applause, "Encore, encore! good for Belch!"—had been reduced to silence, then the honorable gentleman who had been toasted rose, and expressed his opinion of the state of the country in a few remarks of an hour and a half, to the general effect that General Jackson—Sir, and fellow-citizens—I mean my friends, and you, Mr. Speaker—I beg pardon, General Belch, that General Jackson, gentlemen and ladies, that is to say, the relatives here present—I mean—yes—is one of the very greatest—I venture to say, and thrust it in the teeth and down the throat of calumny—*the* greatest human being that lives, or has lived, or ever can live.

Mr. Ele sat down amidst a fury of applause. Major Scuppernong, of North Carolina, and Captain Lamb, of Pennsylvania, turned simultaneously to the young gentleman who sat between them, and who had been introduced to them by General Belch as Mr. Newt, son of our old Tammany friend Boniface Newt, and said to him, with hysterical fervor,

"By G—, Sir! that is one of the greatest men in this country. He does honor, Sir, to the American name!"

The gentlemen, without waiting for a reply, each seized a decanter and filled their glasses. Our friend Abel, who had a taste for seeing life and a genius for every kind of society, and a particular purpose in dining on this particular occasion at General Belch's, where he knew he was to meet the Honorable Budlong Dinks, smiled and bowed on each side of him, filled his own glass and lighted a cigar.

Of course, after General Belch had spoken and Mr. Ele had responded, it was necessary that every body else should be brought to a speech. General Belch mentioned the keystone of the arch of States; and Captain Lamb, in reply, enlarged upon the swarthy sons of Pennsylvania. General Smith, of Vermont, when green mountains were gracefully alluded to by General Belch, was proud to say that he came—or, rather, he might say—yes, he *would* say, *hailed* from the hills of Ethan Allen; and, in closing, treated the company to the tale of Ticonderoga. The glittering mouth of the Father of Waters was a beautiful metaphor which brought Colonel le Fay, of Louisiana, to his feet; and the Colonel said that really he did not know what to say. "Say that the Mississippi has more water in its mouth than ever you had!" roared Major Scuppernong, with great

A LITTLE SPEECH.

hilarity. The company laughed, and the Colonel sat down. When General Belch mentioned Plymouth Rock, the Honorable Budlong Dinks sprang upon it, and congratulated himself and the festive circle he saw around him upon the inestimable boon of religious liberty which, he might say, was planted upon the rock of Plymouth, and blazed until it had marched all over the land, dispensing from its vivifying wings the healing dew of charity, like the briny tears that lave its base.

"Beautiful! beautiful! My G—, Sir, what a poetic idea!" murmured, or rather gurgled, Major Scuppernong to Abel at his side.

But when General Belch rose and said that eloquence was unnecessary when he mentioned one name, and that he therefore merely requested his friends to fill and pledge, without further introduction, "The old North State," there was a prolonged burst of enthusiasm, during which Major Scuppernong tottered on to his feet and wavered there, blubbering in maudlin woe, and wiping his eyes with a napkin; while the company, who perceived his condition, rattled the table, and shouted, and laughed, until Sligo Moultrie, who sat opposite Abel, declared to him across the table that it was an abominable shame, that the whole South was insulted, and that he should say something.

"Fiddle-de-dee, Moultrie," said Abel to him, laughing; "the South is no more insulted because Major Scuppernong, of North Carolina, gets drunk and makes a fool of himself than the North is insulted because General Smith, of Vermont, and the honorable Dinks, of Boston, make fools of themselves without getting drunk. Do you suppose that, at this time of night, any of these people have the remotest idea of the points of the compass? Their sole interest at this moment is to know whether the gallant Major will tumble under the table before he gets through his speech."

Sligo Moultrie saw the justice of Abel's view. But the gallant Major did not get through his speech at all, because he never began it. The longer he stood the unsteadier he grew, and the more profusely he wept. Once or twice he made a motion, as if straightening himself to begin. The noise at table then subsided a little. The guests cried "H'st." There was a moment of silence, during which the eloquent and gallant Major mopped the lingering tears with his napkin, then his mouth opened in a maudlin smile; the roar began again, until at last the smile changed into a burst of sobbing, and to Abel's extreme discomfiture, and Sligo Moultrie's secret amusement, Major Scuppernong suddenly turned and fell upon Abel's neck, and tenderly embraced him, whispering with tipsy tenderness, "My dearest Belch, I love you! Yes, by Heaven! I swear I love you!"

Abel called the waiters, and had the gallant and eloquent Major removed to a sofa.

"He enjoys life, the Major, Sir," said Captain Lamb, of Pennsylvania, at Abel's left hand; "a genial, large-hearted man. So is our host, Sir. General Belch is a man who knows enough to go in when it rains."

Captain Lamb, of Pennsylvania, cocked one eye at his glass, and then opening his mouth, and throwing his head a little back, tipped the entire contents down at one swallow. He filled the glass again, took a puff at his cigar, scratched his head a moment with the handle of a spoon, then opening his pocket-knife, proceeded to excavate some recesses in his teeth with the blade.

"Is Dinks a rising man in Massachusetts, do you know, Sir?" asked Captain Lamb of Abel, while the knife waited and rested a moment on the outside of the mouth.

"I believe he is, Sir," said Abel at a venture.

"Wasn't there some talk of his going on a foreign mission? Seems to me I heard something."

"Oh! yes," replied Abel. "I've heard a good deal about it. But I am not sure that he has received his commission yet."

Captain Lamb cocked his eye at Abel as if he had been a glass of wine.

Abel rose, and, seating himself by Sligo Moultrie, entered into conversation. Sligo was not precisely jealous of Abel's devotion to Grace Plumer—he regarded him as a universal squire of dames—but he was a little nervous. Abel's flirtations were not on public sofas in ball-rooms. He did not flirt to make other people stare and talk. He flirted to gain an actual ascendency, and yet an ascendency which should not be suspected by others until it was sure. Abel considered that the state of his relations to Miss Plumer justified him in believing Sligo not to be in the least dangerous.

But the object of his sitting by Sligo was not to enjoy his conversation. It was to give the cue to the company of changing their places, so that he might sit where he would. He drifted and tacked about the table for some time, and finally sailed into the port toward which he had been steering—an empty chair by Mr. Dinks. They said, good-evening. Mr. Dinks added, with a patronizing air,

"I presume you are not often at dinners of this kind, Mr. Newt?"

"No," replied Abel; "I usually dine on veal and spring chickens."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dinks, who thought Abel meant that he generally ate that food.

"I mean that men of my years usually feed with younger and softer people than I see around me here," explained the young man.

"Yes, of course, I understand," replied Mr. Dinks, loftily, who had not had the least idea what Abel meant; "young men must expect to begin at women's dinners."

"They must, indeed," replied Abel. "Now, Mr. Dinks, one of the pleasantest I remember was this last winter, under the auspices of your wife. Let me see, there were Mr. Moultrie there, Mr. Whitloe and Miss Magot, Mr. Bowdoin Beacon and Miss Amy Waring—and who else? Oh! I beg pardon, your son Alfred and my sister Fanny."

As he spoke the young gentleman filled a glass of wine, and looked over the rim at Mr. Dinks as he drained it.

"Yes," returned the Honorable Mr. Dinks, "I don't go to women's dinners."

He seemed entirely unconscious that he was conversing with the brother of the young lady with whom his son had eloped. Abel smiled to himself.

"I suppose," said he, "we ought to congratulate each other, Mr. Dinks?"

The honorable gentleman looked at Abel, paused a moment, then said:

"My son marries at his own risk, Sir. He is of years of discretion, I believe, and having an income of only six hundred dollars a year, which I allow him, I presume he would not marry without some security upon the other side. However, Sir, as that is his affair, and as I do not find it very interesting—no offense, Sir, for I shall always be happy to see my daughter-in-law—we had better, perhaps, find some other topic. The art of life, my young friend, is to avoid what is disagreeable. Don't you think Mr. Ele quite a remarkable man? I regard him as an honor to your State, Sir."

"A very great honor, Sir, and all the gentlemen at this charming dinner are honors to the States from which they come, and to our common country, Mr. Dinks. We younger men may well be content to dine upon veal and spring chickens so long as we know that such intellects have the guidance of public affairs."

Mr. Abel Newt bowed to Mr. Dinks as he spoke, while that gentleman listened with the stately gravity with which a President of the United States hears the Latin speech in which he is made a Doctor of Laws. He bowed in reply to the little speech of Abel's, as if he desired to return thanks for the combined intellects that had been complimented.

"And yet, Sir," continued Abel, "if my father should unhappily conceive a prejudice in regard to this elopement, and decline to know any thing of the happy pair, six hundred dollars, in the present liberal style of life incumbent upon a man who has moved in the circles to which your son has been accustomed, would be a very limited income for your son and daughter-in-law—very limited."

Abel lighted another cigar. Mr. Dinks was a little confounded by the sudden lurch of the conversation.

"Very, very," he replied, as if he were entirely loth to linger upon the subject.

"The father of the lady in these cases is very apt to be obdurate," said Abel.

"I think very likely," replied Mr. Dinks, with the polite air of a man assenting to a truth in geometry, of which science, unfortunately, he has not the slightest knowledge.

"Now, Sir," persisted Abel, "I will not conceal from you—for I know a father's heart will wish to know to what his son is exposed—that my father is in quite a frenzy about this affair."

"Oh! he'll get over it," interrupted Mr. Dinks, complacently. "They always do; and now, don't you think that we had better—"

"Exactly," struck in the other. "But I, who know my father well, know that he will not relent. Oh, Sir, it is dreadful to think of a family divided!" Abel puffed for a moment in silence. "But I think my dearest father loves me enough to allow me to mould him a little. If, for instance, I could say to him that Mr. Dinks would contribute say fifteen hundred dollars a year, until Mr. Alfred comes into his fortune, I think in that case I might persuade him to advance as much; and so, Sir, your son and my dear sister might live somewhat as they have been accustomed, and their mutual affection would sustain them, I doubt not, until the grandfather died. Then all would be right."

Abel blew his nose as if to command his emotion, and looked at Mr. Dinks.

"Mr. Newt, I should prefer to drop the subject. I can not afford to give my son a larger allowance. I doubt if he ever gets a cent from Mr. Burt, who is not his grandfather, but only the uncle of my wife. Possibly Mrs. Dinks may receive something. I repeat that I presume my son understands what he is about. If he has done a foolish thing, I am sorry. I hope he has not. Let us drink to the prosperity of the romantic young pair, Sir."

"With all my heart," said Abel.

The gentlemen drank, and the younger one proceeded to compliment Mr. Dinks's speech upon Religious Liberty and Plymouth Rock. "Really, Sir, it was extremely happy. I am very glad it was heard by gentlemen from so many States. My neighbor Major Scuppernong was positively enthusiastic."

There was a pleasing insinuation in this little remark which Abel's companion received with a warm smile. It certainly would be very agreeable to have one's name made known favorably all over the country, for when one received one's diplomatic appointment it would not be altogether as a stranger. Mr. Dinks was also secretly satisfied with the way in which he had crushed the conversation about his son's marriage.

Abel was not less satisfied. He had come to the dinner that he might discover, in the freedom of soul which follows a feast, what Alfred Dinks's prospects really were, and what his father would do for him. Boniface Newt, upon coming to the store after the *tête-à-tête* with his wife, had told Abel of his sister's marriage. Abel had comforted his parent by the representation of the probable Burt inheritance. But the father was skeptical. Therefore when General Arcularius Belch requested the pleasure of Mr. Abel Newt's company at dinner, to meet the Honorable Barabbas Jawley Ele—an invitation which was dictated by General Belch's desire to stand well with so influential a political personage as Boniface Newt—the father and son both perceived the opportunity of discovering what they needed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dinks will have six hundred a year, as long as papa Dinks chooses to pay it," said Abel to his father the day after the dinner.

Mr. Newt clenched his teeth and struck his fist upon the table.

"Not a cent shall they have from me!" cried he. "What the devil does a girl mean by this kind of thing?"

Abel was not discomposed. He did not clench his teeth or strike his fist.

"I tell you what they can do, father," said he.

His father looked at him inquiringly.

"They can take Mr. and Mrs. Tom Witchet to board."

Mr. Newt remembered every thing he had said of Mr. Van Boozenberg. But of late his hair was growing very gray, his brow very wrinkled, his expression very anxious and weary. When he remembered the old banker it was with no self-reproach that he himself was now doing what, in the banker's case, he had held up to Abel's scorn. It was only to remember that the wary old man had shut down the portcullis of the bank vaults, and that loans were getting to be almost impossible. His face darkened. He swore a sharp oath. "That —— —— old villain!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Rome *Sentinel* relates that a three-year-old girl accompanied her father upon a visit to her grandparent in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the white-haired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been made familiar at home, and of course on the first occasion she was silent with interest and curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of her visit, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching solemnity she called him to order by saying, with stern gravity, "*Be still, papa,—grandpapa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon!*"

A young Frenchman, a pupil of the Academy of Painting, went to Italy to finish his studies. At Naples he met with a Spaniard covered with dirt, as, indeed, is customary with the people of his nation. The young painter observed that the Spaniard's hands, though very dirty, were well made, and proposed to him to draw them. A certain remuneration was offered, and the bargain struck. The Frenchman conducted him home and told him to wash his hands. Even so: the Spaniard went into an adjoining closet, but soon returned, apparently deep in reflection. "Which hand, Sir, do you mean to draw?" said he, as if to wash *both* hands was an unnecessary labor!

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